

"THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS," by A. CONAN DOYLE. Illustrated by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens.

# LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

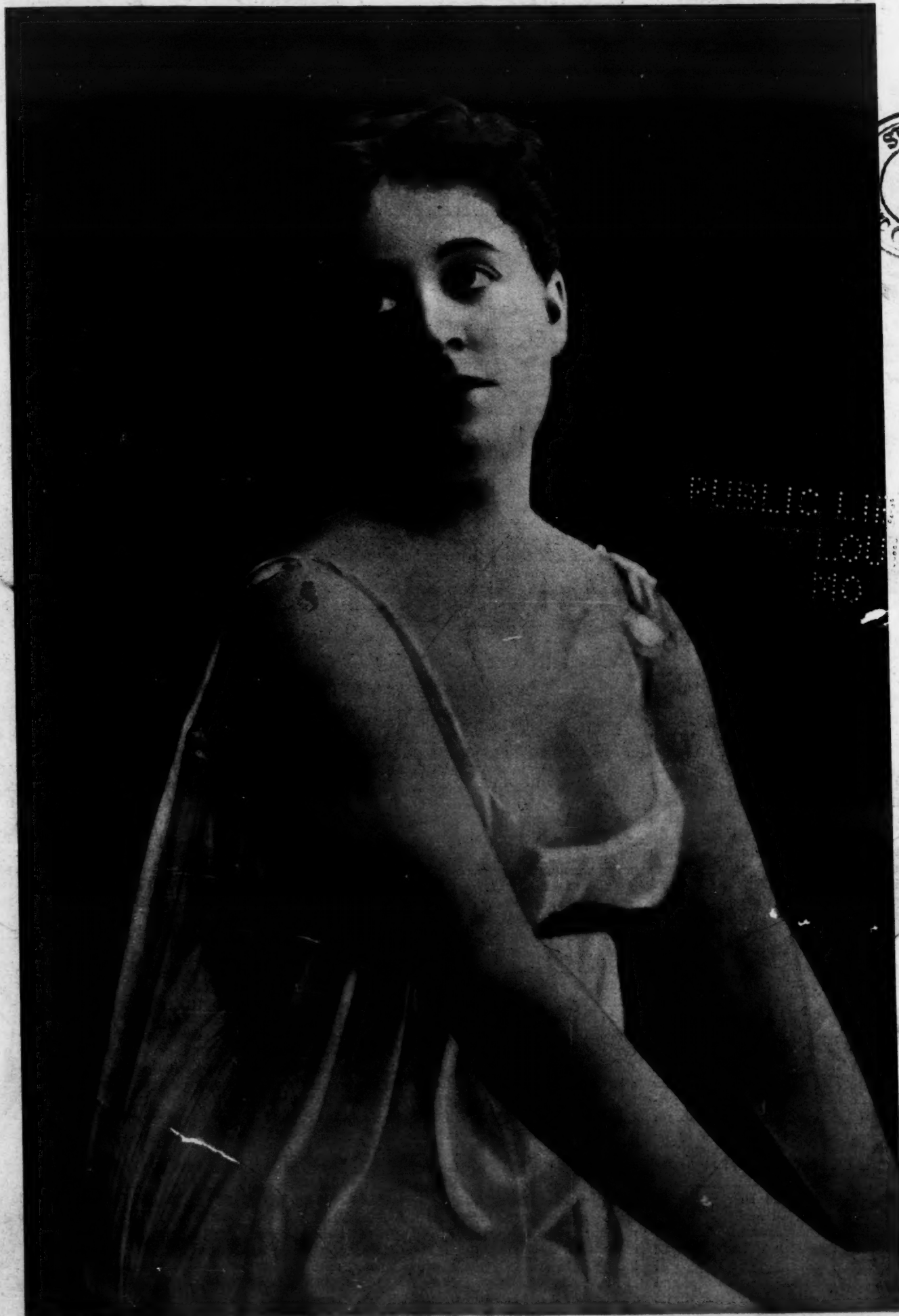


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SEE OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT'S DENIAL, ON PAGE 10, OF THE ALLEGED MASSACRES BY THE JAPANESE AT PORT ARTHUR.



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MISS SYBIL SANDERSON,

AMERICAN PRIMA-DONNA, OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE COMPANY, IN THE CHARACTER OF "PHYNE."  
PHOTOGRAPH BY REUTLINGER.—[SEE PAGE 11.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
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JANUARY 3, 1895.

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## The Old Year and Its Record.



WHILE the year which has just passed into eclipse was not marked by many events of extraordinary interest or importance, it cannot be questioned that, so far as this country is concerned, its trend was distinctively progressive. Its tendencies were all toward an elevation and larger development of the better forces in our national life. The one fact which will stand out, historically, above all others in the record of the year will be that of the magnificent awakening of the public conscience and the majestic assertion of the popular will for the overthrow of evils which had become intolerable. The sovereignty of the people has not had, for many decades, so effective a vindication as in the crises of this departed year. If there was needed anywhere a conclusive demonstration of the adequacy of a republican form of government to maintain itself in the sorest stress, it was afforded in the political contests which culminated in the overthrow, everywhere, of organized conspiracies against the rights of the people.

It is a distinctly encouraging fact in this connection that in the achievement of this result the moral forces were especially potential. In the past the moralities have had but small relation to political policies and action. Platforms and methods have been keyed to low and venal standards; parties have played to the groundlings; the vices rather than the virtues of community have been appealed to as the supreme potencies. All the political degeneracy of this past quarter of a century, all the prostitution of politics to venal uses, all the debauchery of legislation and corruption in government, are traceable to this divorce of moral standards from public affairs. A free State cannot long exist without virility of the popular conscience. But with its recognition that is worth saving in the State is absolutely secure. It was a recognition of this fact, belated but widespread and profound, which made possible the victories of last November and all the beneficent results which are now within reach.

It is yet to be determined whether the impression made by this assertion of the moral sense of the people will be permanent. There are, undoubtedly, in both parties, men who would minimize the influence of these moral forces; influences, strongly entrenched in cupidity and low perceptions, which will resist the new and elevating tendencies in politics. But it is within the power of the intelligent, conscientious, and right-thinking citizenship of the country to baffle all the pernicious schemes of low-minded partisanship, and hold the advantages already gained for civic righteousness. We have only to stand unitedly and resolutely in defense of the principles and convictions which declared themselves so triumphantly two months ago to assure the full fruition of the popular hope and expectation, and make impossible a return to the debasing and perilous conditions from which we have been largely extricated. To that good work—the complete subjection of the debasing forces in our national life and the elevation of all our standards of political action—every good citizen should dedicate himself in the year upon which we are now entering.

## Some Necessary Reforms.



THERE are at least four results which should be absolutely secured by the recent popular uprising in this metropolis. The police system must be reconstructed. The mayor should be invested with authority to remove all municipal officials whose appointment under existing law rests in his hands. The system of police judicature and courts of special sessions should be reorganized, and provision should be made for public hearings before the mayor on all matters of legislation affecting the city interests. Bills covering all these points have, it is understood, already been prepared by the Committee of Seventy, and will be presented and urged upon the attention of the Legislature early in its session.

It goes without saying that the work of cleansing the municipal administration and establishing it upon a basis of efficiency and integrity cannot be fully carried out so

long as the departments now under Tammany control continue to be administered by the agents of its selection. Most of the administrative heads of departments now in office have some years yet to serve. Some of them have made themselves conspicuously obnoxious to the reform sentiment of the time by their obsequious deference to Tammany interests. Every consideration of public policy demands that they should be removed and other men, who are in sympathy with the people, appointed in their places. As to this point the Legislature ought not to hesitate for a single instant.

The reconstruction of the police system is equally, if not vastly more, important. As to this, public sentiment is practically unanimous. Concerning the method of reorganization, however, there are naturally differences of opinion, and these will need to be carefully considered in the formulation of the necessary legislation. Shall the department be organized on a semi-military basis, with all authority and responsibility lodged in a single head—or shall it be controlled by a non-partisan commission, with the power of appointment and of removal for cause vested in the mayor? Both of these plans have their supporters, and will be strongly urged. In considering them and determining upon the course to be pursued, the Legislature must, first of all, remember that the question is not in any sense one of politics, and that it must be settled with reference solely to the public interests. Then, regard must be had to the permanency of the system adopted, by making adequate provision against the hazards involved in changes of party administration. It should be made forever impossible, by the imposition of suitable checks and balances, for any party or any organized gang of plunderers to re-establish the vicious domination which has just been broken.

As to the desirableness of a reform of our system of police judicature, it is every day becoming more and more apparent. The legislation proposed by the Committee of Seventy goes to the root of the matter, and in that respect will certainly commend itself to the popular approval. The bill prepared by it proposes to abolish the office of police justice, which is now largely a shelter rather than a terror to crime and the criminal classes, and establish instead nine magistrate courts and a court of special sessions composed of seven judges. All of the incumbents of these several positions, who are to be appointed by the mayor, must be lawyers of ten years' standing. When it is remembered that the present court of special sessions is composed of three police justices assigned by the board of fifteen police justices, who have been conspicuous for brutality and the pollution of justice, it is easy to realize what an immense gain it would be to have the municipal bench reorganized on the basis here laid down.

There are other matters, in connection with the emancipation of the metropolis from sinister control, which will demand consideration as the general scheme of reform is worked out, but these are admittedly the points at which the process of rehabilitation must begin, and as to which there cannot be any failure without enormous loss to the cause of good and honest government.

## What Democratic Folly Costs Us.



WE are beginning to realize the disastrous consequences of the imposition in the Gorman Tariff bill of a discriminating duty upon the beet-root sugar of Germany, corresponding to the bounty paid upon that product by the government. This discriminating duty was imposed in the interest of the Sugartrust, whose profits it will augment by many millions of dollars. There was no justification whatever, in considerations of public policy, for this enactment. For a long period our diplomatic representatives in Germany were engaged in an effort to secure the admission of our agricultural products into that empire. That result was finally accomplished in the reciprocity treaty of 1891, and under that treaty our exports to Germany steadily increased, so that for the last fiscal year they amounted to \$92,357,000. Of this amount, our exports in cotton, cotton-seed oil and its products, live cattle, canned beef and pork products, and tobacco aggregated sixty-six million dollars. Now, as a result of our unwise policy, the German government, by way of retaliation, has practically shut out all these products from its markets. It threatens also to exclude refined petroleum, of which our exports to that country last year reached five million dollars. And all this, in order that the sugar monopoly, which has been declared to be in violation of the laws, may be compensated for its contributions to the Democratic campaign fund.

It is to be remembered that at the time this discriminating legislation was proposed by Secretary Carlisle it had not been asked for by a single commercial or industrial body. It was enacted in the face of the fact that it would not enure to the advantage of the people of the country in any way whatever; but, on the contrary, must result inevitably in advancing the price of one of the necessities of life. At that time Secretary Gresham was represented as saying that the German government had made no protest against this legislation. This statement is now denied; but whatever the fact may be, it is certain that the President and his secretary have had their eyes opened to the great mistake they committed. The secretary, it is said, has

advised the President that the discriminating duty is in direct violation of the treaty made between the United States and Prussia in 1828, and they now ask Congress to repeal the offensive clause of the new tariff. But it is quite obvious that this recommendation will not be carried out, the trust having secured so strong a grip upon the controlling Democrats of the Senate as to make the defeat of any assault upon it absolutely certain. Whether a persistence in the present policy will be followed by a demand from Germany for a repayment of the duty tendered under the discriminating tax, is yet to be seen. Some lawyers and treasury officials are of opinion that all the duty paid can be recovered if the importers enter protest at the time of payment.

## Art in Philadelphia.



IN the colonial days and in the early years of the republic, Philadelphia promised to be the great American metropolis, the literary centre, and the art capital of the New World. That this has not come to pass is not in the least the fault of the public-spirited men of the Pennsylvania city, who, in the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this, led society and controlled public affairs there. They did what they could and organized several institutions which have lasted till now, and which serve as enduring monuments to their foresight and enlightened enterprise. Conspicuous among these is the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, which was founded in 1805, and which has recently thrown open to the public its sixty-fourth annual exhibition. This exhibition shows that the present directors of the academy are thoroughly alive to the progress which art has made in this country during the last two decades, and the display is most admirably representative of American art as it now exists. We have had something to say of the discreditable exhibition now open at the National Academy in New York. The show in Philadelphia is as different from this as possible; it inspires in the jealous friend of art a pride in the work of American artists, while the other one raises in the mind of every such friend a doubt whether hope has not led to self-deception.

It is true that the impressionists happened to have an undue representation in the committee on selection and hanging, and it is true also that they have treated themselves and their own school with unaccustomed kindness, but they cannot be blamed for that. If they did not believe in themselves and in the peculiar kind of work they produce they could not hope to command success; we cannot reproach them for their honesty, even though we disagree with them as strongly and decidedly as they agree with themselves. Mr. J. Alden Weir exhibits more conspicuously than any other of this school, and his pictures are extremely interesting whatever be the point of view from which they be regarded. But even though so many canvases are of this bewildering school, there is enough without counting them to make the exhibition satisfactory to those who, though they recognize that modern art is indebted to the impressionists for its light and air, can see nothing else that is admirable in painters who endeavor to express by novel methods the inexplicable, and to convert plain, every-day things into puzzles which no one can understand.

The canvas which attracts attention immediately when one enters the galleries is a large nude by Alexander Harrison, representing women bathing in the sea. The treatment is so frank that there is no suggestion whatever of immodesty in the painting. It is a pity that as a work of art it should not be worthy of its creator, but Mr. Harrison's drawing is plainly at fault in several of the figures. Just next this is another nude by the same hand, and with his boys on the beach Mr. Harrison has achieved a notable success. These nudes, classic in their frankness, are entirely convincing as to the fact that it is the suggestiveness with which nakedness is often treated that makes it seem coarse and immodest. Of the other nudes, "Pandora," by Henry Oliver Walker, is the most conspicuous, and here, too, there is a notable lacking in immodest suggestiveness. The sensualist and the prude will always see in every representation of the nude that which is coarse; but the sensualist and the prude are themselves coarse by nature, and nothing better can be expected from them. If exhibition committees, however, would rigidly exclude the suggestive nudes that are offered, then both bad people and people unduly good would be harmless in their over-appreciation and in their disapproval.

The most noticeable thing at this exhibition is the plan of hanging. The pictures are as nearly as possible arranged in groups, and the contributions of each artist are hung together. This is admirable, and is worthy of imitation by other hanging committees. The most distinguished of these groups is made up of pictures by William M. Chase, who has sent sixteen canvases. These have all been seen before, but none of them has ever been seen to such great advantage as now. The portrait of "Mrs. C."—a lady in a black dress with a white shawl over her shoulders—recently seen at the exhibition of women's portraits at the National Academy, and reproduced in miniature in LESLIE'S WEEKLY some six weeks ago, is again exhibited in Mr. Chase's group, and has been purchased for the Temple

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collection, which is a permanent section of the Pennsylvania Academy. The gold medal of honor, which is awarded by the academy for high achievement and distinguished services in the cause of art, was given to Mr. Chase, who thus carries away the great honors of the exhibition, as he richly deserves to do.

Miss Beaux repeats at this exhibition the success which has been hers wherever she has exhibited. Her portrait of a baby walking is a capital thing, while the portrait of a girl with a black cat on her shoulder is a most striking artistic achievement. Mrs. Sears also has an admirable portrait, a girl in a blue blouse. Indeed, the exhibition is rich in portraits, and illustrates anew the point we have previously made, that no American need go abroad to sit for a portrait. Our artists at home can do just as good things as any in Paris and London, and they can do for an American sitter what no foreigner can possibly do—for our own artists understand American human nature, which, in its simplicity and in its complexity also, baffles the citizens of the Old World completely, utterly.

It would be pleasant to point out and specially mention fifty other admirable things that are hung in the Pennsylvania Academy, but that may not be at this time. But we cannot refrain from saying that this old and time-honored organization, with the vigor of youth and the wisdom of age, is carrying out in a most admirable fashion the high function for which it was founded, even though Philadelphia has not been suffered to remain in the first place which it once held as a city.

## WHAT'S GOING ON

RECENT changes in the curriculum of Yale University illustrate in a marked way the growing tendency to emphasize the importance of social science and political economy in our higher schools of learning. A large increase is noted in the number of courses in these studies; the departments of electrical and mechanical engineering and bridge construction have been strengthened; and, besides, general courses in gymnastics and physical culture have been introduced. Occupations outside of what are called the learned professions are more and more absorbing the service of men of the highest intellectual and scientific equipment, and our colleges and schools, in recognizing this fact and employing their resources in the promotion of practical education along distinctively modern lines, must become even more beneficent contributors to the general good than they have been in the past.

PHOTOGRAPHY is being put to an important use by the League for the Enforcement of Law in Brooklyn. Realizing the difficulty of obtaining evidence by ordinary methods against the violators of the Sunday laws, the league has pressed the hand-camera into service, and in this way has collected a mass of testimony which is at once striking and conclusive. The views obtained by this means "show uniformed policemen standing idle and unconcerned in front of saloon doors while children with beer-cans are entering by the side-door or coming out with froth-crowned pitchers." In some instances the pictures show the numbers of the policemen, and these will be used as evidence in any proceedings which may be instituted against the violators of the law. If this method of obtaining proof should be used against all frequenters of questionable resorts, some very curious exposures, involving a good many people who are supposed to be immaculate, would inevitably follow.

Now that the public career of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt seems by his own wishes and his advancing age to have become a part of history, it may be profitable for students of affairs to observe how remarkably this able man has thought in advance of his time. The railroad pooling bill, for example, which has been occupying so much attention at the hands of Congress for the past week or two, embodies amendments to the Interstate Commerce law which were offered in the House of Representatives years ago when that much-mooted measure was on its passage. Mr. Hewitt fought the Interstate Commerce bill at that time on precisely the grounds upon which it is now opposed by such conservative railroad men as J. J. Hill of the Great Northern Railway system, and George B. Roberts of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. Ten years ago Mr. Hewitt, as a representative of New York City, the financial centre of the country, proposed in Congress substantially what is now known as the Baltimore plan for the reformation of the currency. Eleven years ago Mr. Hewitt made the first declaration in favor of the policy of free raw materials, which has finally been adopted by a section of his party. Progress in affairs of state comes slowly; and in the meantime Mr. Hewitt's years of honor are nearing the allotted period. It is greatly to be hoped that now, in the vigor of a serene old age, he will devote himself to the preparation of his memoirs for publication.

JOHN BURNS, the English labor leader, who is now on a visit to this country, has exercised a large and in the main a wholesome influence in the industrial controversies which have agitated Great Britain. He has done more than any other man to hold English trades-unionism to a moderate and conservative policy, and there can be no doubt that the

organization he has nourished and directed has contributed effectively to the improvement of British labor conditions. But since his arrival in this country Mr. Burns seems to have taken on a new character, and we find him indulging in criticisms of American institutions and governmental methods, which are at once unjust and insulting. In an address at the meeting of the Federation of Labor, at Denver, he went so far as to arraign President Cleveland for employing the military to suppress the labor insurrection in Chicago, and supplemented this attack by a general declaration that the country has departed from the principles upon which it was founded, presumably because it will not hand itself over to murder and pillage at the hands of infuriated mobs. Language of this sort from a person who had been only a fortnight on American soil, and whose observations and studies of our polity and life are in the nature of the case of the most superficial sort, is not only impertinent, but, coming from a member of the British Parliament, is in the highest degree impolitic and mischievous. We fear that Mr. Burns's visit, instead of helping the cause of American labor, as was anticipated, will prove a positive injury to it.

A NEW charitable organization which is beginning to attract attention is that known as the Society of Consecrated Talent. The society resembles the University Settlement in the fact that it proposes to bring its beneficiaries into more immediate contact with persons of refined tastes and manners. It differs from that institution in the fundamental condition that the members of the new society pledge themselves to make at least one personal effort a year in the philanthropic work of the society; or to give the earnings of a day in each year for its financial benefit. The society will be composed of the followers of all kinds of personal employment. There will be no distinction of creed or sect. Thus, in accordance with their pledges, the society's musicians, artists, actors, scientists, literati, and others will give their services, gratuitously, in public entertainments. The laborers, doctors, lawyers, tradesmen, and others will give the society the earnings of a day, each doing so on the day of the year set apart for his particular profession or trade. The originator of this society is Miss Hard, a young and earnest society lady of New York. Among those whose co-operation she has enlisted are Archbishop Corrigan, J. M. Reynolds, of the University Settlement; Charles Kellogg, of the Charity Organization Society; Joseph Jefferson; Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and scores of others.

## Men and Things.

A ROMANTIC revivment is upon us without a doubt, and the realists will have to embrace the new creed or step aside till the inevitable reaction reinstates them in the fickle favor of a not over-fastidious public. Dr. Conan Doyle, who has so lately been with us, was one of those in the van of this revivment movement, and still keeps well to the fore, as readers of LESLIE'S need no reminder; while S. R. Crockett, Stanley Weyman, and Anthony Hope have been worthy and successful followers in the same field of fiction. In truth, romanticism is more noticeable on the booksellers' lists than it is on our play-bills; but if any trust is to be put in theatrical rumors it will not be long before we have something of the kind on our local stage. The most interesting of these rumors has to do with Mr. Clyde Fitch, certainly the cleverest of our younger dramatists, who, it is said, is at work on a play in which Major André is to be the protagonist. If this rumor prove true, much pleasure should come out of its verification. For the story of André is one of the most romantic and dramatic in our history, and should lend itself to a particularly happy treatment at the hands of Mr. Fitch, whose essays in the romantic drama—particularly his latest, "His Grace, de Grammont," which we are to see in New York during the present season—have been so happy and fortunate.

It might be interesting to state here that there have been no less than five plays written on the subject of André, but they are all absurd as dramatic compositions and tedious reading, though one of them—the only one ever acted—has the unique distinction of being the first American play ever placed on the stage. It was produced by its author, William Dunlap, at the New Park Theatre in 1798, less than twenty years after the unfortunate young officer's execution.

The fatuous self-complacency of a brand-new people, conscious of infinite potentialities in themselves and their country, has never had better exemplification than in ourselves. We not only want all outsiders to recognize our greatness, but we want them to extol and envy it, and we are willing to go to almost any lengths to satisfy our gluttonous appetite for approval. This may seem to state the case rather strongly, but for what other reason under the sun than our inordinate desire for commendation and admiration can the proprietors of our big papers find it profitable to retail to us the opinions of Monsieur Bourget and Mr. David Christie Murray concerning ourselves? Can one imagine the London *Times* or the Paris *Temps* recording, week after week, Professor Brander Matthews's or Mr. R. U. Johnson's opinions and impressions of England or France?

The *Evening Post* tells us that an anonymous friend has

given Barnard College one hundred thousand dollars for a building on condition that it is built within one thousand feet of Columbia College; but it doesn't tell what is most important: that money is needed, and needed badly, to purchase a site for the building. It is hardly worth while to appeal to the civic pride of New-Yorkers in behalf of Barnard: they haven't any, or the college, potent as it is for such inestimable good to the community, would never have been left to shift for itself, as it has practically had to do ever since its inauguration. But it is to be hoped that every one in New York who has the collegiate education of women at heart will make some attempt to help the trustees of Barnard College solve the problem before them. I doubt not but that a public subscription would in a few days insure the very handsome gift of the anonymous donor.

Mr. James L. Ford has had the reputation for some years of being a journalistic free-lance of more than usual audacity, and he fully sustains his reputation in "The Literary Shop," evidently a compilation from various periodicals of his more recent work. He attacks the chiefs of those staid strongholds of mediocrity, the *Century*, *Harper's*, and *Atlantic*, with the broad stick rather than the rapier, and gives the reader a good deal of fun at the expense of Mr. Gilder, Mr. R. U. Johnson, Mr. Harper, Mr. Alden, and many others of the magazine fraternity. But it is all good-natured satire, and nobody's feelings should be hurt. The chapter on the Johnsonian period of American literature, and on the "Poet's Strike," are probably the most amusing. But the whole book deserves and repays reading.

Probably no book has been looked forward to with more eager expectancy than Henrik Ibsen's latest play, which is promised to appear within the fortnight. Meagre if any details have been learned of it; even the title having been kept secret. So much is out at last, though, and these words of its translator, Mr. William Archer, will but serve to intensify the anticipations of Ibsen's American admirers: "Not Gengangere, not Rosmershohn, not Hedda Gabler, sends such a thrill to heart and brain as I feel in writing the words Little Eyolf." LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

## People Talked About.

—THE French army has some notable conscripts this year, among them Sardou's son and Max Lebaudy, the "little sugar man" of the boulevard, a spendthrift young millionaire whose eccentricities of prodigality have amazed even the Parisians. On account of his diminutive stature he was deemed unfit for service in the ranks and was detailed to drive a mule-wagon in the ammunition corps of the Fifth Squadron, an occupation distasteful to most conscripts. But while engaged in this humble work he will occupy a fine house at Fontainebleau, with large stables attached for his horses, and roomy quarters for his servants. Another conscript in whom all France is interested is "General" Géléc, a French Tom Thumb. His height is only two feet nine and one-half inches, but that does not disqualify him for military service.

—One of the most remarkable dandies in the far West is Wolf, chief of the Palouse Indians. His fingers are covered with costly rings, his hair is braided with colored ribbons, his neck encircled by necklaces, and the expensive red blanket thrown over his shoulders gives him the picturesqueness of a toreador. When he drives out it is in a barouche, with a coachman on the box, or behind a tandem team guided by his own hands. Wolf's fortune is estimated at half a million, made in horse-raising and in placer-mining, and he is treated with great consideration in Walla Walla.

—It is estimated that Henry Griffin, the favorite jockey of the last racing season, will earn thirty thousand dollars on the turf next year. That is to say, an undersized, slender boy of seventeen, distinguished merely for the length of his arms and legs and his skill in riding a horse without swerving, will have an income as great as a bank president's salary, and nearly four times as large as that which a Cabinet officer receives. Three years ago young Griffin was a stable-boy who had but lately come from the Catholic Protectory in Westchester County, New York.

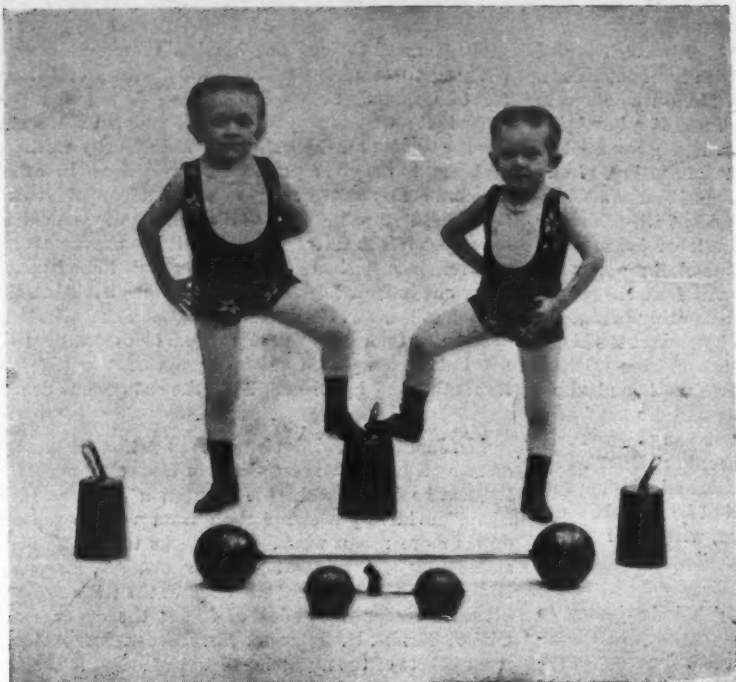
—James Whitcomb Riley says that it was not until he reached the age of twenty-five that he learned to write so that printers could read his copy. This defect was due to an accident by which he bruised his thumb in a closing door. Even now he writes very slowly, but with an elegance and clearness of penmanship foreign to most authors.

—In a nation where births decline every year, except among the peasantry, De Lesseps stood pre-eminent as a father. His first wife bore him four children, and his second, whom he married a few days after the opening of the Suez Canal, his own most lasting monument, bore him eleven, the last born when the count was past eighty.

—The new State officials of South Carolina are unusually young in years, even for the South. The Governor is thirty-one, the adjutant-general twenty-five, and the attorney-general only twenty-four. Governor Evans is the youngest man ever elected to the governorship.

—There is no color-line in foot-ball. Lewis proved this when he showed himself the best centre-rush Harvard had had for years, and now the Nebraska University eleven has elected Flippin, a negro who had distinguished himself as a half-back, to be captain for next year.





THE ROSSOWS, LILLIPUTIAN ATHLETES.



LES 4 DIEZ'S QUARTETTE COPURCHIC.



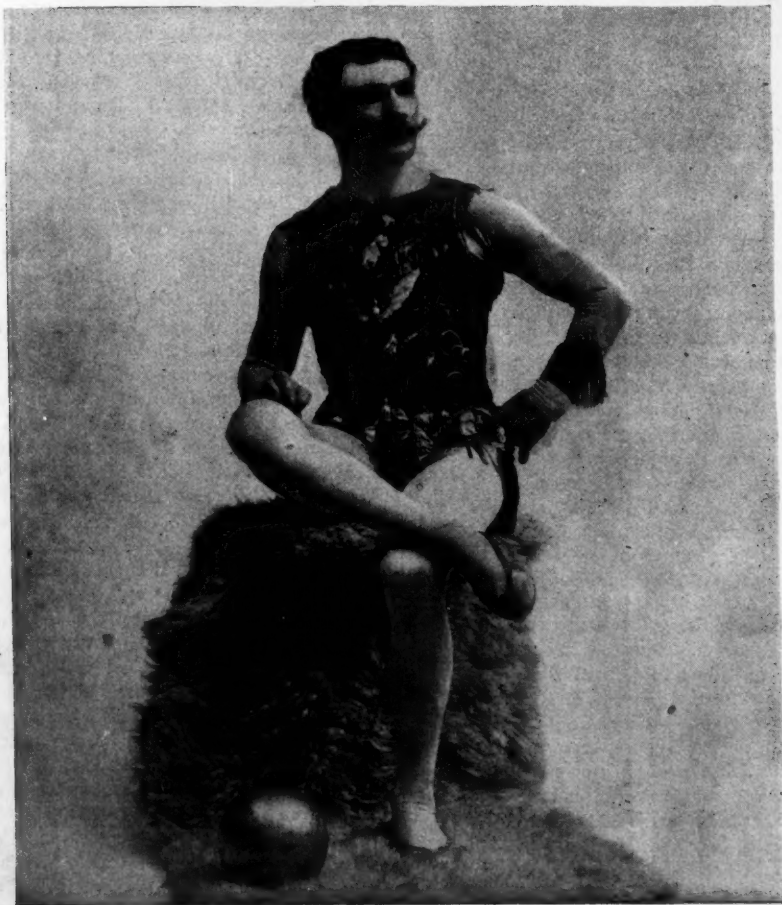
EUGENIE FOUGERE, CHANTEUSE EXCENTRIQUE.  
Photograph by Sarony.



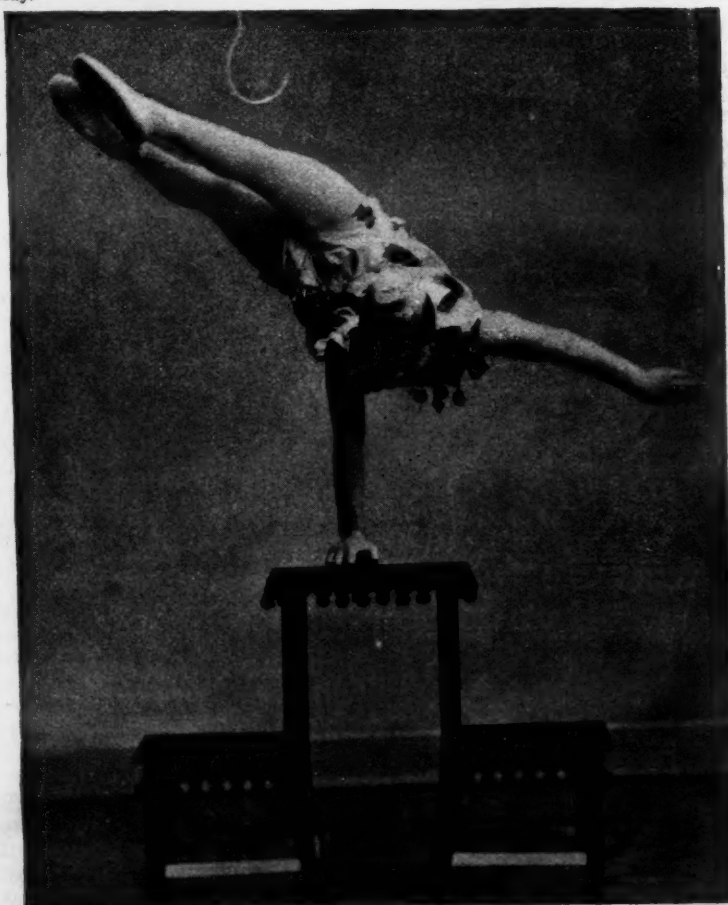
FLORA IRWIN, COMEDienne.  
Photograph by Sarony.



ERMINIA CHELLI, TRAPEZE.



PAUL CINQUEVALLI, THE KING OF JUGGLERS.



EUGENIE PETRESOU, CONTORTIONIST.

The form of diversion recently imported from London has been taken up with enthusiasm by New-Yorkers, and is proving more remunerative to managers than the legitimate drama.

## AN EVENING AT A MUSIC HALL.

[SEE PAGE 11.]





"He undid a string, and in an instant a pile of gold and silver rattled down upon the table."



## THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS.

As written by J. Stark Munro to his friend and former fellow-student, Herbert Swanborough, of Lowell, Massachusetts, during the years 1881-84.

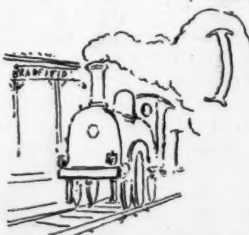
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### VI.

#### 1, THE PARADE, BRADFIELD,

March 7th, 1882.



It is only two days since I wrote to you, my dear chap, and yet I find myself loaded to the muzzle and at full-cock again. I have come to Bradfield, I have seen old Cullingworth once more, and I have found that all he has told me is true. Yes, incredible as it sounded, this wonderful fellow seems to have actually built

up a great practice in little more than a year. He really is, with all his eccentricities, a very remarkable man, Bertie. He doesn't seem to have a chance of showing his true powers in this matured civilization. The law and custom hamper him. He is the sort of fellow who would come right to the front in a French revolution. Or if you put him as emperor over some of these little South American States, I believe that in ten years he would either be in his grave or would have the continent. Yes, Cullingworth is fit to fight for a higher stake than a medical practice, and on a bigger stage than an English provincial town. Have you read about Aaron Burr in American history? I always picture him as a man like C.

I had the kindest of leave-takings from Horton. If he had been my brother he could not have been more affectionate. I could not have thought that I should grow so fond of a man in so short a time. He takes the keenest interest in my venture, and I am to write him a full account. He gave me, as we parted, a black old meerschaum, which he had colored himself—the last possible pledge of affection from a smoker. It was cheering for me to feel that if all went wrong at Bradfield, I had a little harbor at Merton for which I could make. Still, of course, pleasant and instructive as the life there was, I could not shut my eyes to the fact that it would take a terribly long time before I could save enough to buy a share in the practice—

a longer time, probably, than my poor father's strength would last. That telegram of Cullingworth's in which, as you may remember, he guaranteed me three hundred pounds in the first year, gave me hopes of a much more rapid career. You will agree with me, I am sure, that I did wisely to go to him.

I had an adventure upon the way to Bradfield. The carriage in which I was traveling contained a party of three, at whom I took the most casual of glances before settling down to the daily paper. There was an elderly lady, with a bright rosy face, gold spectacles, and a dash of red velvet in her bonnet. With her were two younger people, who I took to be her son and her daughter—the one a quiet, gentle-looking girl of twenty or so, dressed in black, and the other a short, thick-set young fellow, a year or two older. The two ladies sat by each other in the far corner, and the son (as I presume him to be) sat opposite me. We may have traveled an hour or more without my paying any attention to this little family party, save that I could not help hearing some talk between the two ladies. The younger, who was addressed as Winnie, had, as I noticed, a very sweet and soothing voice. She called the elder "mother," which showed that I was right as to the relationship.

I was sitting, then, still reading my paper, when I was surprised to get a kick on the shins from the young fellow opposite. I moved my legs, thinking that it was an accident, but an instant afterward I received another and a harder one. I dropped my paper with a growl, but the moment that I glanced at him I saw how the matter stood. His foot was jerking spasmodically, his two hands clinched and drumming against his breast, while his eyes were rolling upward until only the rim of his iris was to be seen. I sprang upon him, tore open his collar, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and pulled his head down upon the seat. Crash went one of his heels through the carriage window, but I contrived to sit upon his knees while I kept hold of his two wrists.

"Don't be alarmed!" I cried; "it's epilepsy, and will soon pass."

Glancing up, I saw that the little girl was sitting very pale and quiet in the corner. The mother had pulled a bottle out of her bag, and was quite cool and helpful.

"He often has them," said she; "this is bromide."

"He is coming out," I answered. "You look after Winnie."

I blurted it out because her head seemed to rock as if she were going off; but the absurdity of the thing struck us all next moment, and the mother burst into a laugh, in which the daughter and I joined. The son had opened his eyes and had ceased to struggle.

"I must really beg your pardon," said I, as I helped him up again. "I had not the advantage of knowing your other name, and I was in such a hurry that I had no time to think what I was saying."

They laughed again in the most good-humored way, and as soon as the young fellow had recovered we all joined in quite a confidential conversation. It is wonderful how the intrusion of any of the realities of life brushes away the cobwebs of etiquette. In half an hour we knew all about each other—or, at any rate, I knew all about them. Mrs. La Force was the mother's name, a widow with these two children. They had given up housekeeping, and found it more pleasant to live in apartments, traveling from one watering-place to another. Their one trouble was the nervous weakness of the son Francis. They were now on their way to Birchespool, where they hoped that he might get some good from the bracing air. I was able to recommend vegetarianism, which I have found to act like a charm in such cases. We had quite a spirited conversation, and I think that we were sorry on both sides when we came to the junction where they had to change. Mrs. La Force gave me her card, and I promised to call if ever I should be in Birchespool. I don't suppose there's much chance of it, but I should like to see the little girl again.

All this must be stupid enough to you. You know my little ways by this time, and you don't expect me to keep on the main line of my story. However, I am back on the rails now, and I shall try to remain there.

Well, it was nearly six o'clock, and evening was just creeping in, when we drew up in Bradfield station. The first thing I saw when I looked out of the window was old Cullingworth, exactly the same as ever, striding in his jerky way down the platform, his coat flying open, his chin thrust forward (he is

\* Commenced in the issue of December 13th.



the most underhung man I have ever seen), and his great teeth all gleaming like a good-natured bloodhound. He roared with delight when he saw me, wrung my hand and slapped me enthusiastically upon the shoulder.

"My dear chap," said he, "we'll clear this town out. I tell you, Munro, we won't leave a doctor in it. It's all they can do now to get butter to their bread, and when we get to work to, eber they'll have to eat it dry. Listen to me, my boy! There are a hundred and twenty thousand folk in this town, all shrieking for advice, and there isn't a doctor who knows a rhubarb pill from a calculus. Man, we have only to gather them in. I stand and take the money until my arm aches."

"But how is it?" I asked, as we pushed our way through the crowd. "Are there so few other doctors?"

"Few!" he roared. "By Crums, the streets are blocked with them. You couldn't fall out of a window in this town without killing a doctor. But of all the—well, there, you'll see them for yourself. You walked to my house at Avonmouth, Munro. I don't let my friends walk to my house at Bradfield—eh, what?"

A well-appointed carriage, with two fine black horses, was drawn up at the station entrance. The smart coachman touched his hat as Cullingworth opened the door.

"Which of the houses, sir?" he asked.

Cullingworth's eyes shot round to me to see what I thought of such a query. Between ourselves, I have not the slightest doubt that he had instructed the man to ask it. He always had a fine eye for effect, but he usually erred by underrating the intelligence of those around him.

"Ah," said he, rubbing his chin like a man in doubt. "Well, I dare say dinner will be nearly ready. Drive to the town residential."

"Good gracious, Cullingworth!" said I, as we started. "How many houses do you inhabit? It sounds as if you had bought the town."

"Well, well," said he, laughing, "we are driving to the house where I usually live. It suits us very well, though I have not been able to get all the rooms furnished yet. Then I have a little farm of a few hundred acres just outside the city. It is a pleasant place for the week-ends, and we send the nurse and the child—"

"My dear chap, I did not know that you had started a family!"

"Yes; it's an infernal nuisance, but still we must make the best of it. We get our butter and things from the farm. Then, of course, I have my house of business in the heart of the city."

"Consulting- and waiting-room, I suppose?"

He looked at me with a sort of half-vexed, half-amused expression. "You cannot rise to a situation, Munro," said he. "I never met a fellow with such a stodgy imagination. I'd trust you to describe a thing when you have seen it, but never to build up an idea of it beforehand."

"What's the trouble now?" I asked.

"Well, I've written to you about my practice, and I've wired to you about it, and here you sit asking me if I work it in two rooms. I'll have to hire the market square before I've finished, and then I won't have space to wag my elbows. Can your imagination rise to a great house with people waiting in every room, jammed in as tight as they'll fit, and two layers of them squatting in the cellar. Well, that's my house of business on an average day. The folk come in from the country fifty miles off, and eat bread-and-treacle on the doorstep, so as to be first in when the housekeeper comes down. The medical officer of health made an official complaint of the overcrowding of my waiting-rooms. They wait in the stables, and sit along the racks and under the horses' bellies. I'll turn some of 'em on to you, my boy, and then you'll know a little more about it."

Well, all this puzzled me a good deal, as you can imagine, Bertie; for, making every allowance for Cullingworth's inflated way of talking, there must be something at the back of it. I was just thinking to myself that I must keep my head cool, and have a look at everything with my own eyes, when the carriage pulled up and we got out.

"This is my little place," said Cullingworth.

It was the corner house of a line of fine buildings, and looked to me much more like a good-sized hotel than a private mansion. It had a broad sweep of steps leading up to the door, and towered away up to five or six stories, with pinacles and a flagstaff on the top. As a matter of fact, I learned that before Cullingworth took it it had been one of the chief clubs in the town, but the committee had abandoned it on account of the heavy rent. A smart maid opened the door, and a moment later I was shaking hands with Mrs. Cullingworth, who was all kindness and cordiality. She has, I think, forgotten the little Avonmouth business, when her husband and I fell out.

The inside of the house was even huger than I had thought from the look of the exterior.

There were over thirty bedrooms, Cullingworth informed me, as he helped me to carry my portmanteau up-stairs. The hall and first stair were most excellently furnished and carpeted, but it all ran to nothing at the landing. My own bedroom had a little iron bed, and a small basin standing on a packing-case. Cullingworth took a hammer from the mantelpiece and began knocking in nails behind the door.

"These will do to hang your clothes on," said he. "You don't mind roughing it a little until we get things in order?"

"Not in the least."

"You see," he explained, "there's no good my putting a forty-pound suit into a bedroom, and then having to chuck it all out of the window in order to make room for a hundred-pound one. No sense in that, Munro! Eh, what? I'm going to furnish this house as no house has ever been furnished. By Crums! I'll bring the folk from a hundred miles round just to have leave to look at it. But I must do it room by room. Come on down and look at the dining-room. You must be hungry after your journey."

It really was furnished in a marvelous way—nothing flash and everything magnificent. The carpet was so rich that my feet seemed to sink into it as into deep moss. The soup was on the table and Mrs. Cullingworth sitting down, but he kept hauling me round to look at something else.

"Go on, Hetty," he cried over his shoulder; "I just want to show Munro this. Now these plain dining-room chairs—what d'ye think they cost each? Eh, what?"

"Five pounds," said I at a venture.

"Exactly," he cried, in great delight; "thirty pounds for the six. You hear, Hetty; Munro guessed the price first shot. Now, my boy, what for the pair of curtains?"

They were a magnificent pair, of stamped crimson velvet, with a two-foot gilt cornice above them. I thought that I had better not imperil my newly-gained reputation by guessing.

"Eighty pounds!" he roared, slapping them with the back of his hand. "Eighty pounds, Munro; what d'ye think of that? Everything that I have in this house is going to be of the best. Why, look at this waiting-maid! Did you ever see a neater one?"

He swung the girl toward me by the arm. "Don't be silly, Jimmy," said Mrs. Cullingworth, mildly, while he roared with laughter, all his fangs flashing under his bristling mustache. The girl edged closer to her mistress, looking half-frightened and half-angry.

"All right, Mary; no harm!" he cried. "Sit down, Munro, old chap. Get a bottle of champagne, Mary, and we'll drink to more luck."

Well, we had a very pleasant little dinner. It is never slow if Cullingworth is there. He is one of those men who make a kind of magnetic atmosphere about them, so that you feel exhilarated and stimulated in their presence. His mind is so nimble and his thoughts so extravagant, that your own break away from their usual grooves and surprise you by their activity. You feel pleased at your own inventiveness and originality, when you are really like the wren when it took a lift on the eagle's shoulder. Old Peterson, you remember, used to have a similar effect upon you in the Linlithgow days.

In the middle of dinner he plunged off, and came back with a round bag about the size of a pomegranate in his hand.

"What d'ye think this is, Munro? Eh?"

"I have no idea."

"Our day's take. Eh, Hetty?" He undid a string, and in an instant a pile of gold and silver rattled down upon the cloth, the coins whirling and clinking among the dishes. One rolled off the table and was retrieved by the maid from some distant corner.

"What is it, Mary? A half-sovereign? Put it in your pocket. What did the lot come to, Hetty?"

"Thirty-one pound eight."

"You see, Munro. One day's work." He plunged his hand into his trouser-pocket and brought out a pile of sovereigns which he balanced in his palm. "Look at that, laddie. Rather different from my Avonmouth form. Eh, what?"

"It will be good news for them," I suggested.

He was scowling at me in an instant with all his old ferocity. You cannot imagine a more savage-looking creature than Cullingworth is when his temper goes wrong. He gets a perfectly fiendish expression in his light blue eyes, and all his hair bristles up like a cobra's hood. He isn't a beauty at his best, but at his worst he's really phenomenal. At the first danger-signal his wife had ordered the maid from the room.

"What rot you do talk, Munro," he cried.

"Do you suppose I am going to cripple myself for years by letting those debts hang on to me?"

"I understood that you had promised," said I.

"Still, of course, it is no business of mine."

"I should hope not," he cried. "A tradesman stands to win or to lose. He allows a margin for bad debts. I would have paid it if I could. I couldn't, and so I wiped the slate clean. No one in his senses would dream of spending all the money that I make in Bradfield upon the tradesmen of Avonmouth."

"Suppose they come down upon you?"

"Well, we'll see about that when they do. Meanwhile I am paying ready money for every mortal thing that comes up the door-steps. They think so well of me here that I could have had the whole place furnished like a palace, from the drain-pipes to the flagstaff, only I determined to take each room in turn when I was ready for it. There's nearly four hundred pounds under this one ceiling."

There came a tap at the door, and in walked a boy in buttons.

"If you please, sir, Mr. Duncan wishes to see you."

"Give my compliments to Mr. Duncan and tell him he may go to the devil."

"My dear Jimmy!" cried Mrs. Cullingworth. "Tell him I am at dinner, and if all the kings in Europe were waiting in the hall with their crowns in their hands, I wouldn't cross that door-mat to see them."

The boy vanished, but was back in an instant.

"Please, sir, he won't go."

"Won't go! What d'you mean?" Cullingworth sat with his mouth open and his knife and fork sticking up. "What d'you mean, you brat? What are you boggling about?"

"It's his bill, sir," said the frightened boy.

Cullingworth's face grew dusky and the veins began to swell on his forehead.

"His bill, eh! Look here!" He took his watch out and laid it on the table. "It's two minutes to eight. At eight I'm coming out, and if I find him there I'll strew the street with him. Tell him I'll shred him over the parish. He has two minutes to save his life in, and one of them is nearly gone."

The boy bolted from the room, and in an instant afterward we heard the bang of the front door, with a clatter of steps down the stairs. Cullingworth lay back in his chair and roared until the tears shone on his eyelashes, while his wife quivered all over with sympathetic merriment.

"I'll drive him mad," Cullingworth sobbed at last. "He's a nervous, chicken-livered kind of man, and when I look at him he turns the color of putty. When I pass his shop I usually just drop in and stand and look at him. I never speak, but just look. It paralyzes him. Sometimes the shop is full of people, but it is just the same."

"Who is he, then?" I asked.

"He's my corn-merchant. I was saying that I paid my tradesmen as I go, but he is the only exception. He has done me once or twice, you see, and so I try to take it out of him. By the way, you might send him down twenty pounds to-morrow, Hetty. It's time for an installment."

What a gossip you will think me, Bertie. But when I begin my memory brings everything back so clearly, and I write on and on almost unconsciously. Besides, this fellow is such a mixture of qualities that I could never give you any idea of him by myself, and so I just try to repeat to you what he says and what he does, so that you may build up your own picture of the man. I know that he has always interested you, and that he does so more now than ever, since our fates have drawn us together again.

After dinner we went into the back room, which was the most extraordinary contrast to the front one, having only a plain deal table and half-a-dozen kitchen chairs scattered about on a linoleum floor. At one end was an electric battery and a big magnet. At the other a packing-case with several pistols and a litter of cartridges upon it. A rook rifle was leaning up against it, and, looking round, I saw that the walls were all pocked with bullet-marks.

"What's this, then?" I asked, rolling my eyes round.

"Hetty, what's this?" he asked, with his pipe in his hand and his head cocked sideways.

"Naval supremacy and the command of the seas," said she, like a child repeating a lesson.

"That's it," he shouted, stabbing at me with the amber. "Naval supremacy and command of the seas. It's all here, right under your nose. I tell you, Munro, I could go to Switzerland to-morrow, and I could say to them, 'Look here; you haven't got a seaboard and you haven't got a port, but just give me a ship, and gum your flag on it, and I'll give you every ocean under heaven.' I'd sweep the seas until there wasn't a match-box floating on them. Or I could make them over to a limited company and join the board after allotment. I hold the salt water in the cup of this hand, every drop of it."

His wife put her hands on his shoulders with admiration in her eyes. I turned to knock out my pipe and grinned over the grate.

"Oh, you may grin," said he. (He was wonderfully quick at spotting what you were doing.)

"You'll grin a little wider when you see the dividends coming in. What's the value of that magnet?"

"A pound?"

"A million pounds. Not a penny under. And dirt cheap to the nation that buys it. I shall let it go at that, though I could make ten times as much if I held on. I shall take it up to the Secretary of the Navy in a week or two, and if he seems to be a civil, deserving sort of person I shall do business with him. It's not every day, Munro, that a man comes into his office with the Atlantic under one arm and the Pacific under the other. Eh, what?"

I knew it would make him savage, but I lay back in my chair and laughed until I was tired. His wife looked at me reproachfully, but he, after a moment of blackness, burst out laughing also, stamping up and down the room and waving his arms.

"Of course it seems absurd to you," he cried.

"Well, I dare say it would to me if any other fellow had worked it out. But you may take my word for it that it's all right. Hetty, here, will answer for it. Won't you, Hetty?"

"It's splendid, dear."

"Now, I'll show you, Munro, what an unbelieving Jew you are, trying to look interested and giggling at the back of your throat. In the first place, I have discovered a method—which I won't tell you—of increasing the attractive power of a magnet a hundred-fold. Have you grasped that?"

"Yes."

"Very good. You are also aware, I presume, that modern projectiles are either made of or tipped with steel. It may possibly have come to your ears that magnets attract steel. Permit me now to show you a small experiment." He bent over his apparatus, and I suddenly heard the snapping of electricity. "This," he continued, going across to the packing-case, "is a saloon pistol, and will be exhibited in the museums of the next century as being the weapon with which the new era was inaugurated. Into the breech I place a Boxer cartridge, specially provided for experimental purposes with a steel bullet. I aim point-blank at the dab of red sealing-wax upon the wall, which is four inches above the magnet. I am an absolutely dead shot. I fire. You will now advance and satisfy yourself that the bullet is flattened upon the end of the magnet, after which you will apologize to me for that grin."

I looked, and it certainly was as he had said.

"I'll tell you what I would do," he cries. "I am prepared to put that magnet in Hetty's bonnet and to let you fire six shots straight at her face. How's that for a test? You would not mind, Hetty? Eh, what?"

I don't think she would have objected, but I hastened to disclaim any share in such an experiment.

"Of course, you see that the whole thing is to scale. My war-ship of the future carries at her prow and stern a magnet which shall be as much larger than that as the big shell will be larger than this tiny bullet. Or I might have a separate raft, possibly, to carry my apparatus. My ship goes into action. What happens then, Munro; eh, what? Every shot fired at her goes smack on to the magnet. There's a reservoir below into which they drop when the electric circuit is broken. After every action they are sold by auction for old metal and the result divided as prize-money among the crew. But think of it, man. I tell you it is an absolute impossibility for a shot to strike any ship which is provided with my apparatus. And then, look at the cheapness. You don't want armor. You want nothing. Any ship that floats becomes invulnerable with one of these. The war-ship of the future will cost anything from seven pound ten. You're grinning again, but if you give me a magnet and a Brixton trawler with a seven-pounder gun, I'll show sport to the finest battle-ship afloat."

"Well, there must be some flaw about this," I suggested. "If your magnet is so strong as all that, you would have your own broadside booming back upon you."

"Not a bit of it. There's a big difference between a shot flying away from you with all its muzzle velocity, and another one which is coming toward you and only needs a slight deflection to strike the magnet. Besides, by breaking the circuit I can take off the influence when I am firing my own broadside. Then I connect, and instantly become invulnerable."

"And your nails and screws?"

"The war-ship of the future will be bolted together by wood."

Well, he would talk of nothing else the whole evening but of this wonderful invention of his. Perhaps there is nothing in it, probably there is not; and yet it illustrates the many-sided nature of the man that he should not say one word about his phenomenal success here, of which I am naturally most anxious to hear; not a word, either, upon the important subject of our partnership, but will think and talk of nothing but this extraordinary naval idea. In a week he will have tossed it aside, in all probability, and



be immersed in some plan for reuniting the Jews and settling them in Madagascar. Yet from all he has said, and all I have seen, there can be no doubt that he has in some inexplicable way made a tremendous hit, and tomorrow I shall let you know all about it. Come what may, I am delighted that I came, for

things promise to be interesting. Regard this not as the end of a letter, but of a paragraph. You shall have the conclusion to-morrow, or on Thursday at the latest. Good-bye, and my remembrance to Lawrence if you see him. How is your friend from Yale?

(To be continued.)

## THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL.

BY CLEMENT F. STREET, M. E., MECHANICAL EDITOR  
OF "THE RAILWAY REVIEW."

PROBABLY the most extensive piece of engineering work actually under way in the world is the Chicago drainage canal, the object of which, as indicated by its name, is that of furnishing an outlet for the sewage of the city of Chicago. This outlet is through the Chicago, Desplaines, and Illinois rivers into the Mississippi. The Chicago River is already connected with the Desplaines by a narrow ditch, but the current of both streams is uncertain, and that of the former reverses as the height of the water varies, there being a strong current toward the lake during high water and a slight current in the opposite direction during low water. The latter current is increased by large pumps, which lift the water from the river into the Illinois and Michigan Canal, whence it flows into the Desplaines River at Lockport, about twenty-eight miles from Chicago. The fall between these two points is very slight, and without the pumps there would be no current in the river at all. Below Lockport, however, the descent is greater, amounting to about forty feet in a distance of four miles.

The canal is to be an uninterrupted water-way between Chicago and Lockport, and will have sufficient fall and be of dimensions adequate to provide for a flow by gravitation of a body of water sufficiently large to carry off the sewage from a given portion of the city and county without objectionably polluting the Illinois River. The district directly benefited by the work includes all that portion of the city north of Eighty-seventh Street, and about forty-three square miles of Cook County outside of the city limits, known as the sanitary district of Chicago. The organization of this district was effected by popular vote under a general law enacted by the Legislature of the State of Illinois in the year 1889, and the work is carried on under the direction of a board of trustees also elected by popular vote under the same law. This law stipulates that any drainage canal built in the State shall provide for a continuous flow of at least two hundred cubic feet of water per minute for each one thousand inhabitants of the district drained, and that this particular canal shall, in the sections where there is a preponderance of rock or hard material, provide for a continuous flow of not less than six hundred thousand cubic feet per minute.

The material to be removed is divided into two classes, viz., glacial drift and solid rock. The term "glacial drift" includes top soil, earth, muck, sand, gravel, clay, hard-pan, bowlders, fragmentary rock displaced from its original bed, and any other material overlying the bed-rock. The work is divided into twenty-eight sections averaging one mile in length, and on one-half or fourteen of these sections there is more or less rock to be removed. The depth of the glacial drift on top of this rock varies greatly, in some places being equal to the full depth of the finished work, and in others only a few inches. Where the excavation is partly through the rock and partly through glacial drift retaining walls are to be built, resting on the rock and extending to a height of five feet above the water-line. Another important part of the work is the building of a levee between the main channel and the Desplaines River. This is rendered necessary by the uncertain flow of that stream, which makes it imperative that all connection between it and the drainage channel be closed. In order that this plan might be fully carried out it was found necessary to divert the course of the river by excavating a new channel for its reception. This "river diversion," as it is called, is now practically complete, its construction having occupied most of the time of the contractors during the first season the work was opened up, and its cost was about one million dollars.

The completion of the entire work, including the river diversion, will require the excavation of 27,427,861 cubic yards of material, the building of 283,526 cubic yards of retaining-wall, and the construction of 52,772 cubic yards of levee at an estimated cost of \$21,799,293.82. Of the material excavated 11,045,005 cubic yards is solid rock. In this connection a comparison with the Manchester ship-canal will be interesting. That canal is thirty-five miles in length, and its completion required the excavation of 53,500,000 cubic yards of material, of which 21,000,000 cubic yards was sandstone. The capital expenditure on this work to June 30th,

1894, was \$67,351,105. From this comparison it will be seen that the Manchester canal is by far the most expensive work, but this is accounted for by the fact that in connection therewith a large number of difficult engineering problems were involved, requiring the expenditure of large sums in addition to that necessary for the mere excavation of the channel.

The dimensions of the channel of the Chicago drainage canal were fixed at a width of one hundred and sixty feet, with practically perpendicular sides through the solid rock, and where retaining-walls are built. Through the earth sections the width at the bottom is to be two hundred and two feet, with the banks on a slope of two to one; and the depth throughout the entire length of the work is to be not less than twenty-two feet at low water, and at the usual stage water will be about twenty-four feet.

The glacial drift varies greatly in character and presents some of the most knotty problems with which contractors have ever had to deal in this class of work. On the eight sections nearest the city it consists of loam, clay, and gravel, readily handled with steam-shovels and other well-known and cheap methods. On these sections the important problem of the work is that of moving the material from the shovel to the spoil-bank, and a variety of methods are employed for this purpose. On the succeeding thirteen sections conglomerate masses of bowlders and cemented clay are encountered which cannot be removed without first being loosened by blasting, and as a consequence there have been extended disputes between the contractors and the trustees regarding the sections. It is generally agreed by all parties that the contracts have been taken at prices far below the actual cost of the work, but the commissioners are attempting to hold the contractors to their agreements, and as a result there will probably be some long-drawn-out lawsuits and delays to the work.

The most interesting part of the work is on the rock sections. On most of these there was only a thin layer of earth on top of the solid rock, and this was removed by scrapers. After the removal of the earth the next operation, called channeling, consists of cutting a groove two inches wide and from ten to twelve feet deep along the bank of the canal, separating the rock to be removed from the wall. The next procedure is drilling for blasting. A row of holes about two inches in diameter, from six to eight feet from centre to centre and from twelve to fourteen feet deep, are put in. These holes are filled with dynamite cartridges, the top cartridge being provided with a cap, to which a copper wire is attached. All the wires are joined and attached to a small electric battery, by which the holes are fired simultaneously. The usual charge of dynamite is about six hundred pounds, but in some instances as high as seventeen hundred pounds has been fired.

After the rock has been loosened it is removed by four different methods. One of these is called the "incline," and is ordinarily used only on the first bench, which includes one-third of the required depth of the completed work. The incline consists of a trestle-work extending into the ditch, carrying a tramway. From the lower end of this tramway switches extend to different points of the work, and on them small cars are placed, which, after being loaded by hand and moved to the foot of the incline, are drawn up by a wire cable and hoisting engine to the top of the spoil-bank, where they are dumped by hand. The second system, called the "cantilever," consists of a cantilever span mounted on wheels, and which can be moved along a track located on the bank of the canal. On the lower cord of this cantilever a track is fixed which receives a carriage for conveying buckets or skips from the ditch to a point above the spoil-bank, where they are dumped by the operator. All the movements of this machine are controlled by one man, who is located in a small engine-house, where he has the work in plain view. This is one of the neatest pieces of machinery to be seen on the work, and the one which, from its novelty, probably attracts more attention than any other. The third system employed is the cable-way. The essential features of this apparatus are two towers about ninety feet high, one on each bank of the canal,

and mounted on a railway track, a series of cables connecting the tops of the two towers, and so adjusted as to enable one operator to hoist skips from the ditch and dump their contents on the spoil-bank. The fourth system consists of cranes or derricks mounted either on the bank of the canal or in its centre following the work. These cranes are used for hoisting the skips to the bank and dumping them.

One of the problems with which the contractors have to deal is that of caring for the men employed on the work. On each section there are from two hundred to four hundred men employed, and the majority of them are so distant from any town that provision must be made for the men at the work. For this purpose each section is provided with a camp consisting of rough frame buildings, some of them equipped with bunks for sleeping-quarters and others with outfits for providing meals. Some idea of the extent of this work can be obtained from the fact that on one section a bakery is established which turns out from four hundred to five hundred loaves of bread each day. Some of the contractors' entry on this department under their own supervision, but others find it much more profitable to make a contract with a commissary, who furnishes bedding and provisions at a stipulated price.

It is stated the prices being paid for this work are far lower than those paid for any similar work ever carried on in the world, and that this is particularly true of the rock sections. The prices paid for the removal of the rock mostly range from seventy-three cents to eighty-three cents per cubic yard, and it is said that the lowest previous prices on record for similar work have ranged from \$1.25 to \$1.50. Prices paid for glacial drift generally run from nineteen cents to twenty-seven cents per cubic yard.

One of the most striking features about this entire work is the openness with which the business is transacted. A person visiting the offices of the trustees is given practically any information he may ask for. The prices paid the contractors, and, in fact, every penny of expenditure in connection with the entire work, are published in a pamphlet containing the proceedings of the meeting of the board of trustees and circulated indiscriminately. There have been some accusations of fraud in connection with the work; but there has not been the slightest attempt at concealment on the part of the trustees, and it is not the usual custom to carry on frauds in a manner so open-handed. The trustees are unquestionably using every possible effort to complete the work and to do it at the smallest possible cost to the tax-payers.

## Sporting Clubs on the Southern Coast.



in extent the victories of war! For within the last few years the North has re-taken nearly every one of the choicest sea islands which stretch along the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Georgia, without the loss of a life or the explosion of a pound of powder. Sporting clubs, whose membership is drawn almost entirely from north of Mason and Dixon's line, have gradually acquired the sea islands until the cotton shore is almost hemmed in by the acquisitions and the improvements of Northern capital.

Probably the earliest of these island clubs was that of Carroll Island, in Chesapeake Bay, where the duck-shooting is the best in two hemispheres, and in which the last membership share sold for something like eighteen thousand dollars. The Broadwater Club, which owns Hog Island, just north of Cape Charles, made famous by President Cleveland's fishing trips, is a wealthy Philadelphia club, as exclusive as are most of the Quaker City clubs, and admission either as members or as guests is extremely difficult. Steps have recently been taken to change the name of their island home to the more euphonious one of Broadwater Island. Mr. Joseph Ferrell, of Philadelphia, is president of the Broadwater Club.

Currituck Sound, in North Carolina, is full of these gunning clubs, the shares of which can only be obtained in case of the death or misfortune of a member, and then only on the payment of many thousand dollars. On Roanoke Island, at the mouth of Albemarle Sound, is the Roanoke Island Gunning Association, of

which R. Duncan Harris is president

A. Weeks, vice-president, and James B. Townsend, secretary and treasurer. The membership is small and very select.

The Virginia islands are also getting into the hands of sporting clubmen who can afford such luxuries. The Back Bay shooting clubs are numerous, while just south of Cape Henry is the home of the Ragged Island Club, which President Harrison used to visit frequently while in Washington.

The Georgia coast is also lined with islands which Northern capital have made bowers of beauty. Cumberland is the island home of Mrs. Lucy C. Carnegie, of Pittsburgh, where she has a magnificent castle called "Dungeness," as is also her handsome yacht. Mrs. Carnegie is the only lady member of the New York Yacht Club.

Jekyll Island, north of Cumberland, is the home of the celebrated Jekyll Island Club, of which ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, of this city, is president. This is said to be the richest country club in the world, the aggregate capital represented by its eighty members being over a thousand millions of dollars. On its membership roll are such names as Ogden Goelet, Robert Goelet, J. Pierpont Morgan, William Rockefeller, William K. Vanderbilt, John A. Stewart, Lloyd Aspinwall, Calvin S. Brice, Cornelius N. Bliss, Walter S. Gurnee, A. Foster Higgins, Henry B. Hyde, Morris K. Jesup, Charles Lanier, Joseph Pulitzer, John Claflin, W. Bayard Cutting, and Pierre Lorillard, of New York; Marshall Field, Cyrus H. McCormick, and N. K. Fairbank, of Chicago; James J. Hill, of St. Paul; Gordon McKay and Fairman Rogers, of Newport, Rhode Island; and Walter R. Furness, of Philadelphia.

Jekyll Island was purchased about ten years ago for \$125,000, and its value has been enhanced by the club until it now represents an outlay of over half a million. The shares, originally \$600 each, have appreciated so enormously that the last share sold brought \$4,700. A splendid four-story club-house has been erected, with every luxury, and the cuisine rivals Delmonico's.

The latest addition to the list of the sea-island clubs is the Palmetto Club, organized in this State, but practically a citizen of South Carolina. It has recently acquired two properties, valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, near Charleston, South Carolina, the former being the celebrated Cooper River plantation known as Coté-Bas, at the junction of the Cooper and Back rivers, sixteen miles above Charleston, and the other being the historic Folly Island, south of Charleston harbor. The latter is a long, narrow island, seven miles in length, whose ocean beach is said to be the hardest and finest along the coast. It was at the commencement of the war occupied and fortified by the Union troops, and was the massing point for an army of fifteen thousand men, which made from the northerly end of Folly Island the midnight attack on the Confederate works on Morris Island, driving the rebels back to Fort Wagner, and later, with great loss of life, dislodging them from that strong point and proceeding to attack Sumter and Charleston. The island is well wooded, and a famous hunting resort for deer, wild turkeys, and all kinds of water-fowl, the marshes in the rear of the island being especially sought by duck-hunters.

The other preserve of the Palmetto Club is the Coté-Bas plantation, one of the fine old plantations of ante-bellum days, for which one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was offered and refused in 1858. Of this the *Charleston News and Courier* recently said:

"Last year a Northern association bought Coté-Bas, Brushy Park, and Fanny Fields plantations, on Cooper River—between that river and Back River—to rehabilitate them and make them grand estates.

"They restored them to their former elegant conditions, and put in crops of rice, corn, potatoes, sorghum, etc., under experienced labor.

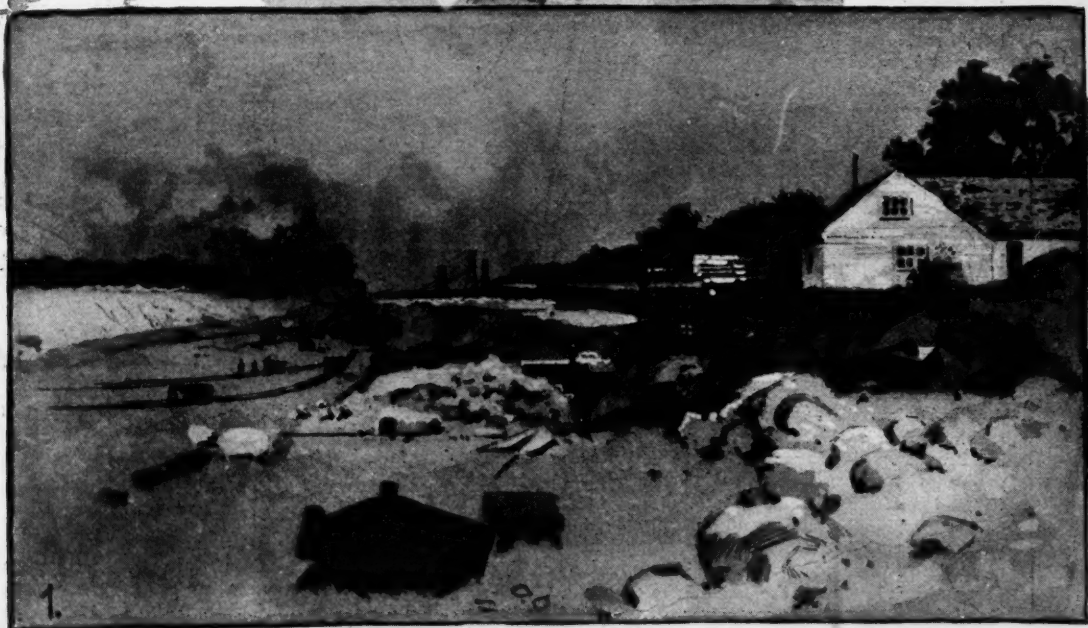
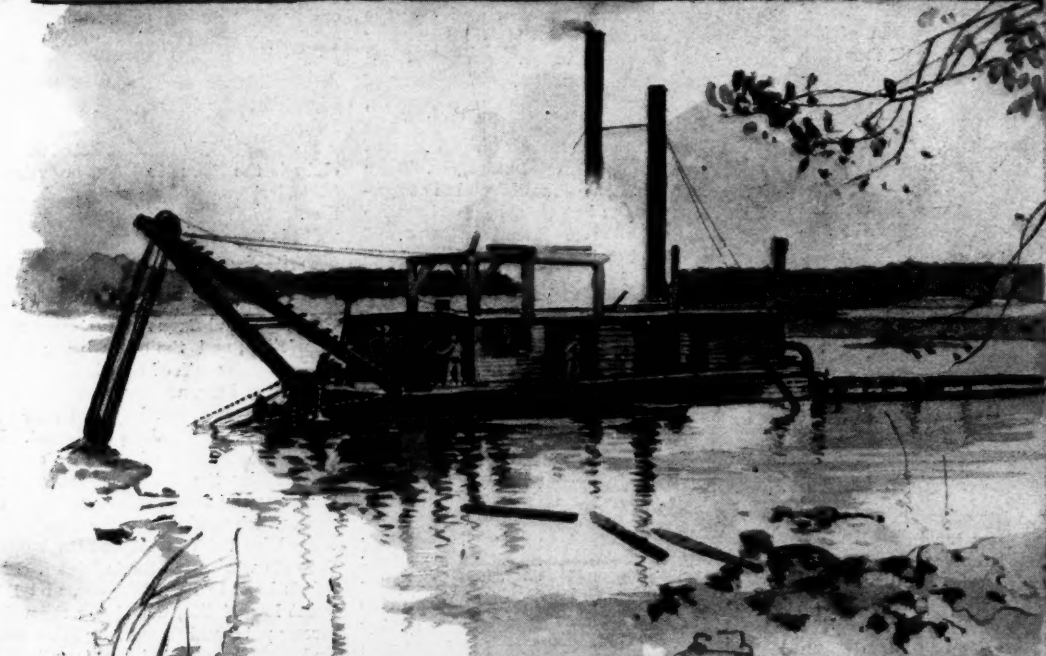
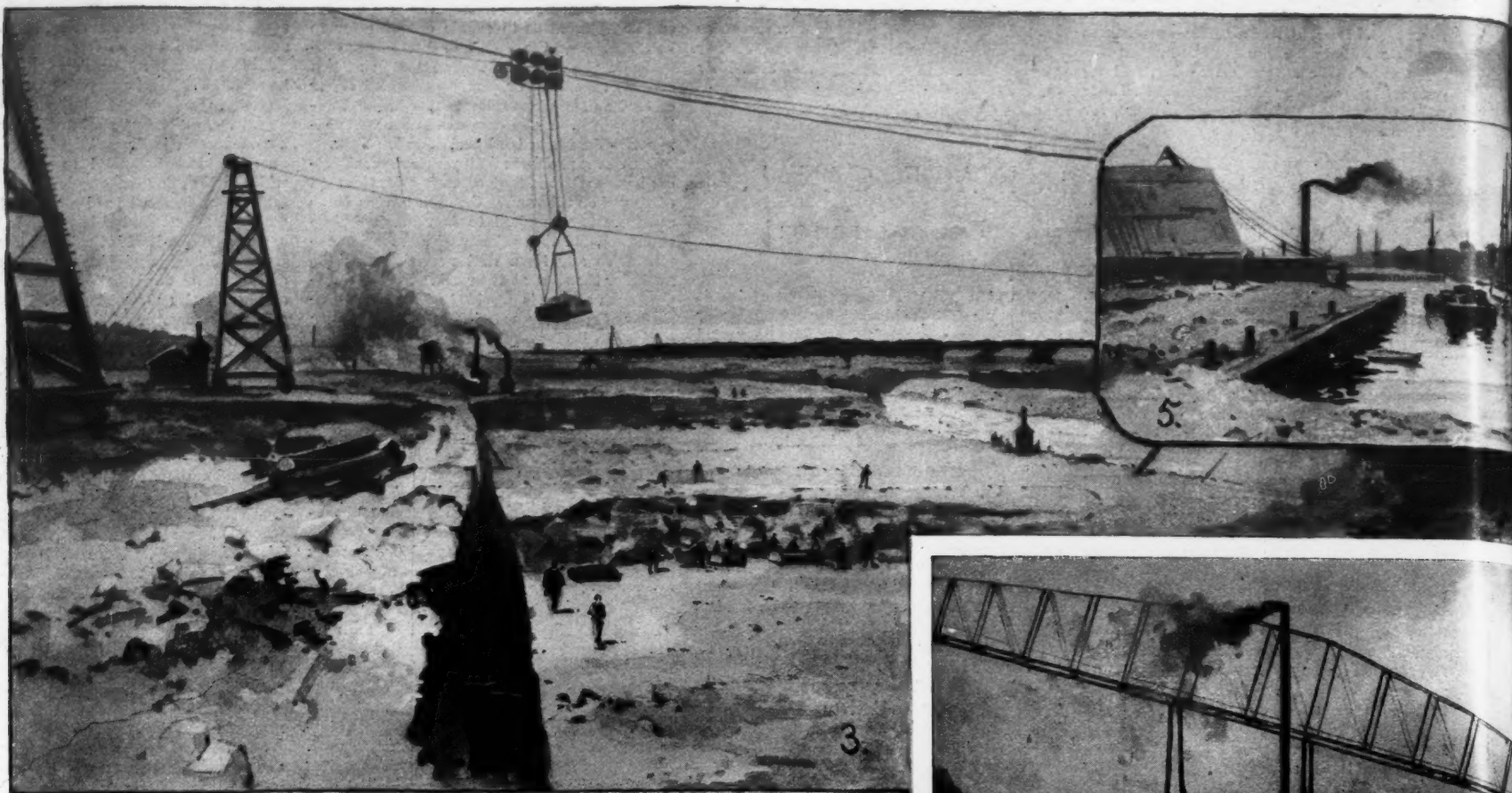
"They re-fitted, re-painted, and thoroughly overhauled the residence, and re-established the fences, so as to make the several places—combined composing upwards of ten thousand acres—a shooting-box.

"For years there has been no shooting done there, so that now it must abound with deer and other kinds of game. It is regarded as a fine deer park."

The club is a proprietary one, with a limit of fifty members, and is select in its character. It is expected that, in addition to the present clubhouse on the Coté-Bas peninsula, another will be built on the ocean shore of Folly Island, where building lots of ten acres each will also be assigned to members for private building sites, on the plan of the Adirondack League Club. Both the island and the plantation are productive of income, and are expected to become sufficiently so to obviate the necessity for the imposition of annual dues of any kind. Colonel O. L. Snyder, of Buffalo, is president of the club, and Robert C. Alexander, of New York, secretary and treasurer.

R. C. ALEXANDER.

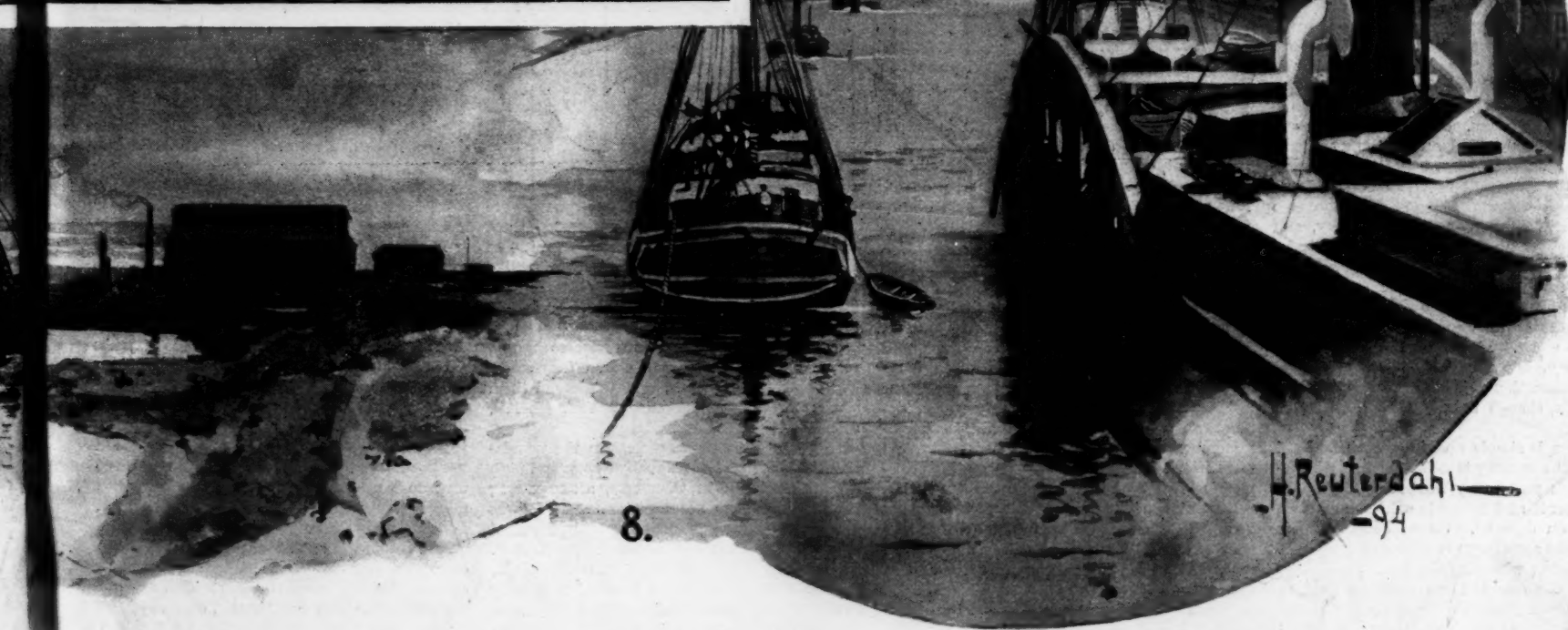
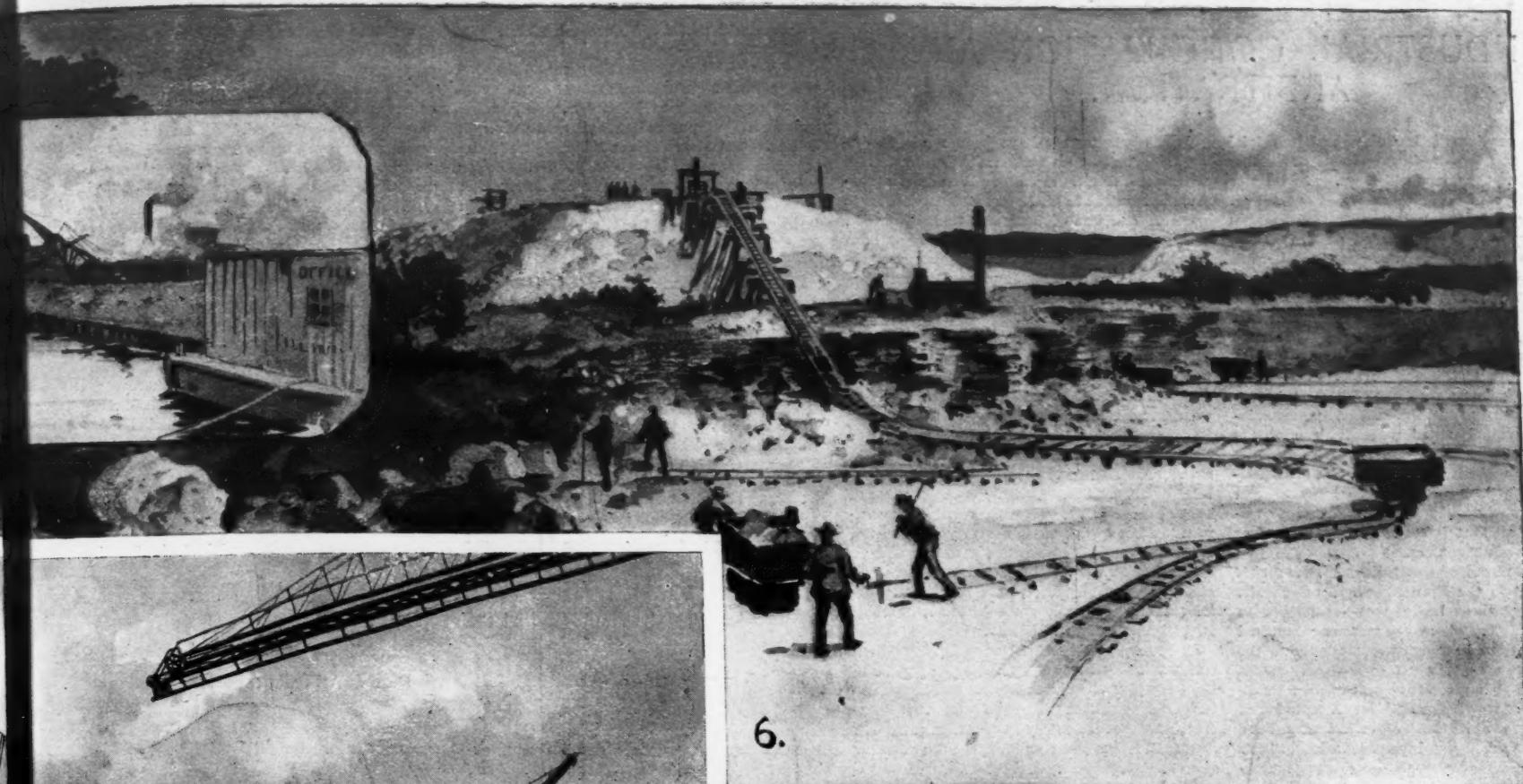




1. GENERAL VIEW AND PUMP-HOUSE ON A GLACIAL DRIFT SECTION. 2. HYDRAULIC DREDGE—REMOVING MUCK. 3. TAKING OUT ROCK WITH A CABLE-WAY. 4. TAKING OUT ROCK WITH A CABLE-WAY.

THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL DESIGNED TO FURNISH AN OUTLET FOR THE LAKE  
WORK NOW ACTUALLY UNDER WAY IN THE CITY OF CHICAGO BY H. C. LESLEY.





CANAL AT THE CHICAGO END OF THE CANAL. 6. TAKING OUT ROCK BY AN INCLINE. 7. DIPPER DREDGES AT WORK ON THE CHICAGO END OF THE CANAL. 8. IDEAL VIEW OF THE COMPLETED CANAL.

THE CITY INTO THE MISSISSIPPI—PROBABLY THE MOST EXTENSIVE ENGINEERING  
E BY H. REUTERDAHL FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 7.]



## INDUSTRIAL CONCILIATION AND ARBITRATION.

THERE are two distinct classes of industrial disputes, and two leading methods of dealing with them. Questions which are raised under an existing contract, either written or implied, as well as a large number of minor matters where employes are concerned as individuals, belong to the one category; while collective matters of large importance, having reference to the future rather than to the past, such as fixing rates of wages and general conditions of labor, find classification under the second. It is not so difficult to devise a satisfactory method of dealing with the former class. The reason is obvious; questions of fact or custom alone have to be decided, and as the sums involved are usually small, a decision rendered is easily enforceable. Little injustice can be done. Tribunals in which labor and capital are equally represented, having technical competence and powers of speedy and inexpensive adjustment, are all that is needed to insure a fair settlement of differences.

The best model of institutions of this sort is to be found in the French councils of experts. The first of these bodies was established in Lyons in 1806. There are now one hundred and seventeen in operation throughout the whole of France. As yet councils of experts are limited to industries engaged in the transformation of raw material, thus all branches of manufacture and the building trades have them, while mining and transportation have so far been excluded, though the proposed modification of the organic law upon which they are founded contemplates their extension to all branches of industry and commerce. About forty-five thousand cases annually come before these tribunals. Nearly sixty-six per cent. are settled with costs not exceeding six cents to each of the disputing parties. Where recourse is had to arbitration, summons and judgment cost one dollar. Total expenses in extreme cases, where distraining becomes necessary in order to enforce an award, cannot exceed \$8.72. Competency of jurisdiction extends to matters involving as much as forty dollars. Beyond this sum appeal may be made to the local tribunal of commerce. Nearly three-fourths of all the cases conciliated or arbitrated annually refer to wages; about ten per cent. to absence from duty; defective work and apprenticeship regulations cover five per cent. More than half of the business of these councils of experts in France is transacted by four Parisian tribunals. The council for the metropolitan building trade alone deals with about one-fifth.

A typical council of experts consists of an equal number of representatives of employers and workmen for the specific trades within its jurisdiction. An employer is president, an employé vice-president; each one presides during alternate months. There are two sections, one for conciliation and the other for arbitration. The former sits at least three times weekly for the purpose of mediating disputes. The litigants appear without counsel, and every effort is made to harmonize the difference. The arbitration branch is composed of a president who is an employer, a vice-president who is a workman, and four assessors, two of whom belong to each order. Public sittings are held once a week. A decree of state fixes eight members as the minimum number. Foremen and heads of workshops are classified among the employed. Exercise of the franchise at elections of representatives is restricted to persons of the male sex who are over twenty-five years of age, who have resided three years in the locality, and who for five years have exercised their trade. The new government measure proposes to admit adult women to the electorate. Qualifications of membership in the council require that persons must be thirty years old and able to read and write. Three years constitute an official term, but there is eligibility for re-election. Sometimes no salary is attached to the position, though usually a small stipend is allowed.

Procedure is simple and inexpensive. Paid professional advocacy is debarred in both sections. Each party may introduce testimony, and documents and things in evidence must be presented on demand. Where conciliation is successful the secretary prepares a statement of the conditions; where it fails, he transmits the records in the case to the arbitration branch. A well-known French authority, in summarizing the utility of these tribunals, says: "People are certainly right in attributing to the institution of councils of experts the relative tranquillity which industry in France has enjoyed during the present century. They have prevented many partial strikes by assuring to work-people a competent adjudication, speedy and inexpensive. The last point especially is essential."

Recently attempts have been made to discredit councils of experts, and to prejudice their future usefulness. Some of the radical socialists have sought to bind workmen candidates to dispense one sort of justice to their comrades, and another to their employers. It has been necessary for the government to keep a watchful eye over these practices, and to annul elections where pledges of this sort have been exacted.

Councils of experts have been established in other continental countries. Belgium has twenty-seven at the present time. The first one was established at Bruges in 1813. They were transplanted in western Germany during the Napoleonic régime, and about a dozen of them still survive. A few are found also in Switzerland. The industrial courts, which have been established in Germany under the law of 1890, in Portugal in accordance with the enactment of 1889, and more recently in Austria, bear many points of similarity to the French councils of experts. Tribunals for adjusting all classes of small disputes, which in other countries would ordinarily come before a court of law, likewise exist in Norway.

In France and England agencies have been created for settling collective disputes and fixing the terms of industrial peace. The character of the provision which has been made, however, differs considerably in the two countries. England as long ago as 1824, but particularly since 1867, has given legal facilities for the establishment of boards of conciliation and arbitration, whose decisions shall be binding and enforceable. All attempt of this kind has resulted in abject failure, as not a single institution has ever been registered under the law. Voluntary action by interested parties is preferred, and in accordance therewith three separate classes of agencies have been established. The first consists of trade boards representing associations of employers and workmen in a given industry over a large area. This idea was first carried out by Mr. Mundella, when, in 1860, he established the voluntary board in connection with the hosiery trade at Nottingham. The best example of an institution of this class at the present time is the joint board for iron and steel manufacturing in the north of England. An employer and a workman representative from each establishment in federation sits on the board. The officers are, a referee, the president taken from the employers, a vice-president from among the workmen, two secretaries, two treasurers, and two auditors. The standing committee attends to most of the business, looking into all grievances which are laid before it after an attempt at settlement has been made by the manager or foreman of the works in conjunction with the operative representative. Decisions of the board are binding upon all parties affected—not legally, of course, but at the cost of membership in the association. There must be no strike or cessation of work while proceedings are pending. Expenses are provided from a joint fund, to which workmen and employers contribute equally. Members are indemnified for their attendance upon meetings, while their wages go on regularly. During the twenty-two years which this board has existed, sixty wage revisions—the most delicate of all industrial matters—have been made, seven by mutual agreement, twenty by arbitration, and thirty-three by sliding scales. The referee during nine years has only been called upon to decide four cases. During twenty years there have been only eighteen instances of arbitration. The moral effect of the institution has been wholly admirable.

Joint committees are somewhat similar to the standing committee of the voluntary boards. Their constitution and procedure do not need special description. Where arbitration is required each side makes a nominee, and some outside person, such as a county judge, appoints an umpire. The Northumberland coal-miners' joint committee, which is a typical institution of this sort, has successfully disposed of four thousand cases in twenty years.

District conciliation boards represent a new idea, which is undergoing fairly successful experiment. The first in England was created in 1890. These boards are especially useful in localities where a large number of trades are pursued, but where the absolute number of employers and craftsmen is small, and where organization is weak. Disputes are first referred to the committee for each particular trade, while arbitration proceedings come before the board as a whole. It is too early to form an opinion of the utility which district boards are likely to possess, but their establishment, if successful, will be a long step forward. They will have many difficulties to contend

with, for the bond of cohesion is looser, technical competency is less, solidarity of interest smaller, and moral pressure is reduced to a minimum.

In France voluntary institutions of the kind which flourish in England are not often found, but a law passed in December, 1892, makes provision for conciliation and arbitration in collective disputes. Under this act the initiative is confined to interested parties. One or both of them may make a written declaration to the local justice of the peace, setting forth their names, addresses, etc., the nature of the difference, the names and addresses of opponents, and a proposal for conciliation. Immediately upon receipt of this the justice takes steps to notify the other parties, either by letter or by posting it in a public place. Disputants are brought together and conciliation attempted. The justice takes no part himself in the proceedings, unless invited to act as president. He draws up the terms agreed upon where a conclusion is reached, and transmits them to the minister of commerce through the prefect. Where mediation fails, he at once issues an invitation to select arbitrators. The law guarantees an equal number for each side, and provides for the choice of an umpire when arbitrators fail to agree. Decisions are not

binding; indeed, resort to both conciliation and arbitration is purely voluntary. The justice of the peace may himself take the initiative only after a strike has begun and neither party shows any signs of seeking conciliation. The French law is simple and informal. Recourse is absolutely gratuitous, no permanent machinery is organized, but an agency for dealing with a dispute may be created instantly. New sets of persons, and always those exclusively interested, deal with every separate case. During the first year that this law has been in force, viz., 1893, it was made use of in one hundred and nine instances. The total number of strikes reported during the same year was six hundred and thirty-four.

Labor organization in France is far less effective than it is in England, while association of employers is perhaps a still rarer fact. Hence it is not surprising to see that a method of arranging collective industrial difficulties is conceived on different lines. Each country probably has chosen that form which harmonizes with traditions and practices. The English method is unquestionably the best for us, but its successful adoption requires more complete and compact organization among both parties to industry than now exists.

E. R. L. GOULD.

## IN DEFENSE OF JAPAN.

### THE ALLEGED ATROCITIES AT PORT ARTHUR DENIED.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

GREAT was my surprise when, upon my arrival in New York, direct from Port Arthur, I read the sensational stories published in some newspapers about the awful atrocities and frightful massacres committed by the Japanese at the capture of the Chinese stronghold.

The detailed account of what took place between the battles at Kinchin and Talién-Wan will be given hereafter, but I feel that a word must be said at once in defense of Japan. Correspondents have gone so far as to declare that this country has fallen back into the state of barbarism from which it awakened twenty years ago. The main object of these statements seems to be to prevent the new treaty with Japan from passing the Senate. It therefore becomes a question of international politics, and of national interest to us.

I was with the second Japanese army from the minute it sailed from Ujina till the fall of the Chinese fortress.

In spite of all the assertions made and claims advanced by other papers for their correspondents, I maintain that I was the only foreign correspondent to sail with the second army, to witness the meeting at the mouth of the Tatung River of thirty-eight transports, twenty men-of-war and sixteen torpedo-boats; to see the landing of the army; to ride alone and at the risk of my life for two days across the peninsula to join the first division, and at last the only one who was with General Yamaji at the capture of Kinchin. I therefore ought to know the Japanese soldiers and be able to speak of their doings with some authority.

And the first thing I now do is to deny most emphatically that the Japanese behaved like barbarians; that they killed thousands of women and children; that they sank junks loaded with such innocents, etc. Everywhere the Japanese treated their enemy with the greatest generosity and kindness. No one inhabitant was annoyed by them in any manner. In some cities which had been sacked by the Chinese soldiers—for they do not hesitate to commit savage outrages on their own countrymen—the people were starving. The Japanese gave them food, gratuitously, three times a day. The Chinese wounded everywhere were treated like the Japanese themselves, and this, I maintain, is admirable, considering the cruel savages they are fighting.

The inhabitants everywhere were so happy, so pleased with the Japanese that they would beg of them to remain and to defend them against the awful oppression of their officials, mandarins, officers, and soldiers.

The day before we left Kinchin the population confessed that two Japanese spies had been burned to death in that city, after passing through the most horrible tortures. It was under the impression made by this dreadful tale that we began our march on Port Arthur. On the 19th, about ten miles from this place, the whole army passed in front of a ghastly row of the remains of some of their comrades, wounded on the 18th and killed by the Chinese. Killed! no words could express in what manner, and no paper would allow me to publish the frightful mutilations made upon these bodies. Heads, hands, and feet had been chopped off; the stomachs ripped open, and other parts cut out. I will not say more, but I can assure you that it was the most awful sight a man was ever given to see.

When the Japanese took the city by assault a number of the inhabitants who had not escaped, together with the soldiers, defended the streets. They were armed with German repeating rifles, and used express cartridges with explosive bullets—a thing no civilized nation would ever do. The wounds made by these were terrific, horrible, and the fury of the Japanese soldiers knew no limit. They charged through the city and killed many. The coolies and hangers-on who followed them did the same. Now the Japanese mostly used their swords or bayonets—they always do so. They say they trust their blades more than a gun. They always strike for the neck, killing their foe at once. Is this more barbaric than to wound a man through the body and let him die in suffering?

No one can say that those who were killed were civilians, for, as already explained, in every one of the battles which were fought the Chinese, as soon as he believed he would be beaten, dropped his uniform, which consists of very little, and under which he has exactly the same clothes as any Chinese common civilian. The Japanese knew that hundreds of men they had fed along the way were soldiers, and they knew that among those who were in Port Arthur were some of the miserable brutes who had murdered their comrades.

I most emphatically deny that they mutilated a single body. Personally I did not see one dead woman or child, and do not believe any were killed. And, if the bodies of any were found, I am ready to wager that the women committed suicide or were killed by the Chinese themselves. At Kinchin many women were found drowned at the bottom of wells, into which they had thrown themselves to escape the frightful treatment which they expected to receive, judging the Japanese from the way the Chinese themselves behaved with them. Hundreds of women and children were killed by their fathers, husbands, or sons during the Taiping rebellion, so as to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. In the city itself the soldiers had to pass under an arch decorated with the mutilated heads of their comrades.

I absolutely deny that junks loaded with people were sunk. The army remained twelve days at Kinchin in order to give a chance to the population to escape. Then, on November 14th, the commander of the French man-of-war *Lion* told me that he had met dozens of junks loaded with people escaping to Che-foo. Japanese were cruising near by, and not interfering in the slightest degree. This is the bottom of Japan's policy: to fight the Chinese government and its armed soldiers, but to treat well the population. On the day of the battle the torpedo-boats did not sink junks, for the English man-of-war *Porpoise* was present, and reported nothing of the kind.

Now may I ask: What would have been the conduct of any European army, or an American army under the circumstances? Can any one say that after two days' battle, excited by the fighting, the roaring of the guns, the dreadful sights of blood and death, and especially the spectacle of their awfully mutilated comrades, soldiers from any country would not have committed excesses? I am only surprised that the Japanese committed so few. Men are the same in all countries, and once their blood is up, no one can say what they will do.

Let us not speak now of our own war, nor of



what civilized but excited people do when a negro has criminally assailed a white woman, but let us look at what the English and French did. These last began to treat the Chinese prisoners well, but after they had found one of their officers skinned alive, nothing could have held the soldiers, and they cut down every Chinese they saw. Upon capturing a large city, they beheaded the inhabitants and the bloody heads were stuck on the ends of long poles and placed all around the city. Shall I say anything about the English in India during the Sepoy rebellion? Shall I recall the men tied at the mouths of guns and shot into atoms? Shall I call your attention to the fact that the commander-in-chief of the army in India asked that a law be passed authorizing him to burn, flog to death, or impale the Hindoos, adding that the thought of simply hanging such brutes was maddening?

Can the Japanese be expected to be more civilized than the French, English, or—than ourselves?

The whole responsibility of the killing rests upon the Chinese officers. Had these cowards, instead of running away, leaving their men to fight alone, raised the white flag and offered to surrender the city, when they saw that they could defend it no more, not a man would have been killed in Port Arthur itself.

And, to end this statement, let me repeat, as I have already said: Japan has done nothing which justifies people in saying that she has lost her right to enter the great family of civilized nations, and this war will remain the battle of civilization against barbarism.

A. B. DE GUERVILLE.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28th.

## OUR PLAYERS

THE demand of a high-pressure business nation is relaxation. To the ceaselessly active brain that cannot sleep the only rest possible is, very often, another form of activity. Mental alertness does no harm. It is the fever called "worry" which kills. And in the infinite variety of New York's theatres the danger of the one idea is averted;—the Bloomingdale concentration on a thought that takes possession like a devil is split up and dispersed. No medicine ever discovered is so valuable to New York as its reputable theatres.

In the importation of foreign "variety" talent, Koster & Bial have been the pioneers of the United States. Since 1879 they have brought over many high-class artists, such as Remenyi and Wilhelmj, giving glimpses of gay Paris in Vanoni, and introducing the sensuous swing of the Spanish dance in Carmencita, besides producing mathematical phenomena like Inaudi, and all kinds of better-class "eccentrics." I do not say that all these superinduce the highest form of mental activity, but they do form part of the medicine which the masses seek, and in a free country have a right to demand. Attacks such as that recently made on the London Empire are not experienced by Koster & Bial. In this country there seems to be an instinctive belief that a preponderance of advantage will follow an almost universal demand, and perhaps we have never sufficiently realized the truth which care-takers of the insane acknowledge—that diversion from the one unhealthy concentration is desirable at any cost. Some tastes of human natures are not as high as others. But we did not make, and are not responsible for, nature. In dealing with the masses of mankind the best judgment is always a compromise. And while we personally may from an artistic standpoint object very strongly to the undraped woman, we still can realize how often she may divert others from criminal and insane impulses.

There were four business men sitting behind us. One was asleep. Two were smoking. Three were talking. To us their running commentary became part of the show. The highly-paid Petrescu, who travels chiefly on her hands, was turning many somersaults when one of the men meditated regretfully: "What a lot of them somersaults I turned when I was a boy without knowin' their value!" When "The Wounded Drummer-boy" appeared the sleeping partner

woke up and joined in the chorus about marching through Georgia. He had been in the Civil War. These men sang at every opportunity. They looked most unspiritual. Yet when the "Evening Prayer" appeared they knew the air well. It seemed so safe to bet that the owners of those plain, lined, business faces had never sung a hymn in their lives; but when "Rock of Ages" was shown they joined with the music, and two of them sang the words. I cannot explain how this was possible. I merely say I

Brussels, and subsequently completed a brilliant season at Covent Garden, London.

Like many Parisian artistes, she has during summer months accepted engagements at various watering-places—Aix-le-Bains, Vichy, and last summer at Royan. The announcement of her engagement for marriage does not, as we hope, contain any prophecy of prolonged retirement from the stage, though there is no telling how far she may, like our Mary Anderson, abandon us.



THE AMHERST GLEE CLUB.

was in America. The old army man went wild over "Custer's Last Stand," which is finer than anything I saw in London. These men had forgotten every business care. They had their quiet glass of lager and their smoke. To me they typified New York in the democratic, self-controlled ease of its relaxation.

One of our party, a Yale student, not content with seeing the living ladies from the front, was admitted by the manager behind the scenes and shown the mechanism for the pictures. Unending stairs led to rooms where Custer's men were "making up." Across corridors girls were passing in scanty and most unattractive white cotton. The stage-manager, Mr. Wilson (late of the London Empire), took us across narrow, sky-high bridges above the drop-curtains to a place that had more ropes and belaying-pins than a man-of-war. We were then handed over to Operti, the scenic artist, another most genial man, who secreted us behind a curtain as the living pictures commenced. We examined each of them while Operti gave the order to "pose." Then we ducked back and the curtains were drawn apart.

The swathes of grease-paint and chunks of lamp-black seemed to make the women something else than women. In their coarsely-ribbed cotton garments the different "nudities" seemed to be nothing more than advertisements for "Holmes' Union Combinations." One divinity came beside us and climbed up a ladder into her sky, where she reclined in a high iron frame and hung on to one of the gold rays of a sun, or moon, or some other improbable orb. But she was no more disenchanted than the rest. Perhaps my Yale friend will be content hereafter to stay in front.

STINSON JARVIS.

### Sybil Sanderson.

SHE is an American. But not the first to become a star in the European operatic world. If all goes well she will be back in her native land almost as soon as this account issues to the public.

Sybil Sanderson is one of three talented daughters of the late Judge Sanderson, of California. Since his death, Mrs. Sanderson and her daughters have lived in Paris. It is safe to say that the returning artiste will receive a most enthusiastic reception when she opens with "Manon" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

America is very kind toward her children who do her honor in the older countries. And Sybil Sanderson has had much success. Such composers as Massenet and Saint-Saëns have composed works for her. One of these, "Eclairmonde," by Massenet, was given one hundred times during the eight months of her first engagement in Paris.

Sybil Sanderson made her debut in the Exposition year at The Hague under the name of Ada Palmer. She afterward resumed her own name, and after the Paris engagement sang at

When this artiste opened in Paris with "Manon" she had to face a city that was still in love with the *Manon* of the lamented Heilbron. The ideal of Paris was a high one, and that she persuaded the fickle city to off with the old love and on with the new is a fact which contains best praise in briefest statement. "Manon," with the few liberties generally allowed to the librettist, is a reproduction of the famous novel, "Manon Lescaut," by the Abbé Prevost. The novel has always been a favorite, almost a classic, with Parisians, and I would be glad to point out its moral—only I never could find that it contained any—save, perhaps, that moral which total absence of morals may often give rise to. The morals of Paris and Massachusetts are not the same. To describe "Manon" might seem to explain it, and to explain might seem to countenance or even condone it, and French writers do not put very long petticoats on their words. But a foreign language often conceals sufficiently, and some idea is gained when *Manon* sings:

"A nous les amours et les roses,  
Chanter, aimer, sont douces choses,  
Qui sait si nous vivrons demain?"

The front-page picture which we give of Miss Sanderson was taken when she wore the costume in which she appeared before the late Czar and royal family of Russia.

STINSON JARVIS.

### Our College Glee Clubs.

THE college glee clubs are once more abroad in the land. Availing themselves of the holiday vacation, they are traversing old and familiar routes, reviving old associations, and achieving new triumphs. Of late years these clubs have become a distinctive feature of college life, and some of them have attained wide celebrity by their artistic performances. Each, of course, has its own peculiar clientele, made up of the alumni and friends of the institution which it represents, but all of them have a popularity outside of their own distinctive constituency.

Amherst, although one of the smaller colleges, has for many years made a special feature of its glee club, and for the last fifteen

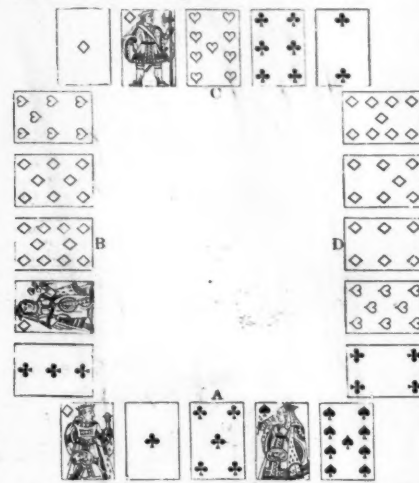
years has maintained one of the best college glee clubs in the country. In 1885 banjo and mandolin clubs were organized, and during the last year a cello was added. The visit of these clubs to England during the past summer was a notable event in their history, and afforded our English cousins an opportunity to make themselves acquainted with some of the ways of American college life, which are perhaps quite as novel and interesting to them as the customs and manners of Oxford and Cambridge, Dublin and Edinburgh, are to us.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

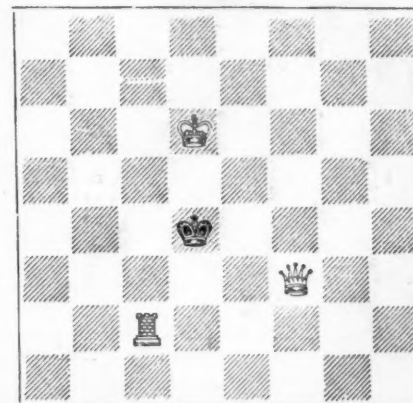
### Whist Practice.

As our second whist problem is attracting the attention of whistites, and many solutions, correct or otherwise, are coming from all directions, the answer will be withheld until next week. Here is another curious ending which is given as problem No. 4. It is calculated to conflict with the old whist adage that two trumps are always better than one, for in this instance three trumps beat six. The feat is achieved, however, by a fine line of play which will puzzle the average expert, but which will repay one for the necessary labor:



### The Chess-Board.

PROBLEM NO. 1. BY GEORGE E. CARPENTER.  
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

As a rule, chess endings in few moves and few pieces are easily solved. Nevertheless, the above gem by a noted problemist is well calculated to baffle the average chess amateur.

### Do You Have Asthma?

If you do you will be glad to hear that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is reported a positive cure for the disease. The Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, have such faith in this new discovery, that they are sending out free by mail, large trial cases of Kola Compound to all sufferers from Asthma, who send their name and address on a postal-card. Write to them. \*

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ABSOLUTELY PURE





LANDSCAPE: BY C. H. DAVIS.



THE FLOWER-MAKER: BY HARRIET C. VOSS.



PORTRAIT: BY F. W. BENSON.



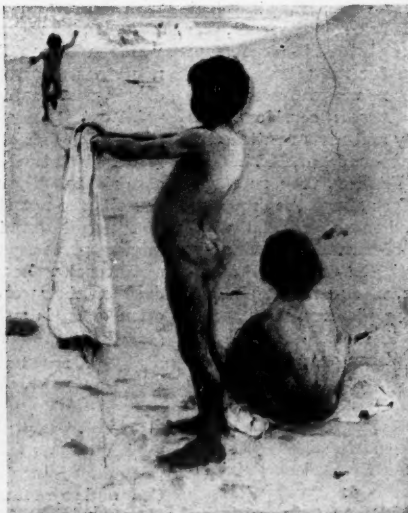
PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, BROAD AND CHERRY STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.



DESIRE: BY SARGEANT KENDALL.



THE BAPTISM: BY FRANK VINCENT DU MOND.



GAMINS ON THE BEACH: BY ALEXANDER HARRISON.



THE RABBI'S DAUGHTER: BY HERBERT ADAMS.



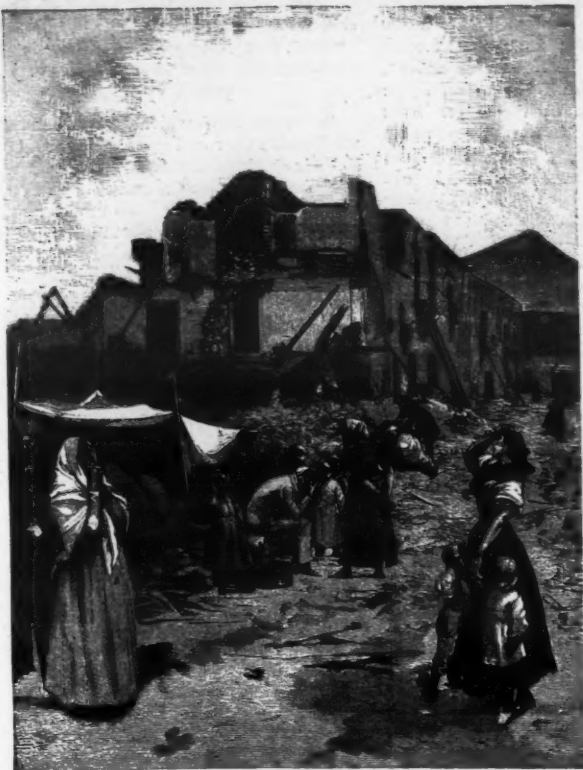
FIVE O'CLOCK AT ST. IVES, ENGLAND: BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.



STUDY: BY ALBERT HERTER.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES OF THE SIXTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA.  
PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM H. RAU.—[SEE ARTICLE ON EDITORIAL PAGE.]

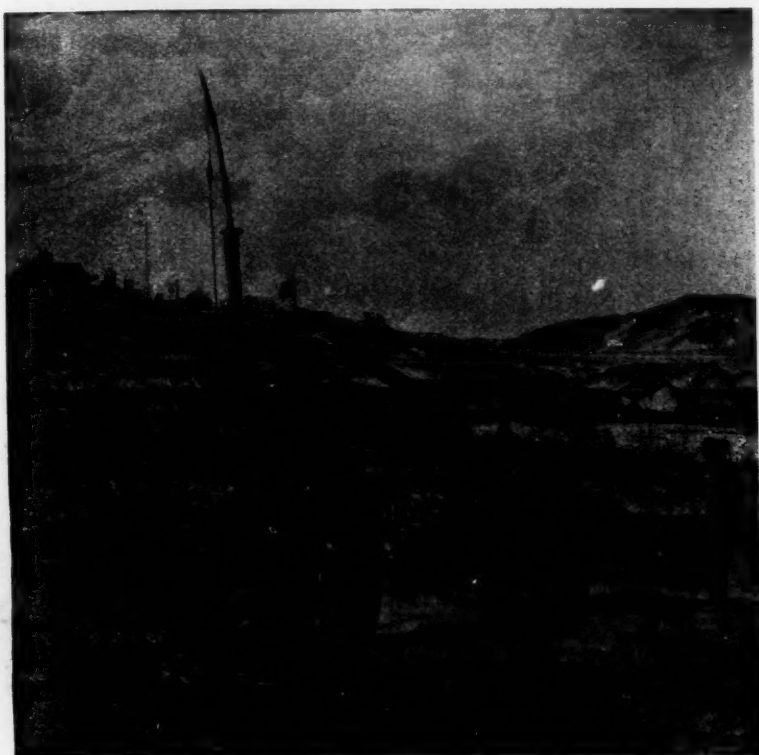




THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA—A STREET SCENE IN BAGNARA.—*L'illustrazione Italiana*.



THE WAR IN THE EAST—A JAPANESE CEMETERY ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—*London Graphic*.



THE WAR IN THE EAST—THE RED CROSS SOCIETY'S HOSPITAL AT CHEMULPO. *London Graphic*.



THE NOVEMBER EARTHQUAKES IN SICILY—A RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN MESSINA AFTER THE SHOCKS.—*L'illustrazione Italiana*.



THE WAR IN THE EAST—VEGETTES OF JAPANESE CAVALRY.—*London Graphic*



Prince George of Greece. The Czar. Prince Nicholas of Greece. Prince Charles of Denmark. IMPERIAL AND ROYAL CYCLISTS—THE RUSSIAN CZAR AND HIS COUSINS. *London Graphic*.



## The American Federation of Labor.

THE defeat of Samuel Gompers and the election of John McBride as president of the American Federation of Labor was the result of concerted action by a number of elements that do not ordinarily work together. Some were opposed to Gompers personally, and some were simply out of sympathy with his policy as chief executive of the organization, but they were all sufficiently in earnest in their desire for a change to enable them, for the time being, to forget their differences in a common cause. Broadly speaking, those who worked and voted for Gompers's defeat may be divided into three classes:

Those who were angered by his opposition to "plank ten" of the political programme that was voted upon at Denver. "Plank ten" was very socialistic in its tendencies, and declared in favor of the "collective ownership by the people of all means of production and distribution."

Those who believe that more sympathy should have been extended to Debs and the American Railway Union during the Chicago strikes.

Those who had been personally piqued, in one way or another, by some action of the man who had been president of the federation ever since its organization as such.

Of course there were some who belonged to all three, but no one class was strong enough to defeat Gompers, as was conclusively shown by the rejection of "plank ten" and the indorsement of the action on the part of the federation's president and executive council in refusing to sanction a strike of sympathy with the Railway Union. There is no doubt that McBride's election to the presidency was, in some degree, due to the barring out of the miners' delegation at the Knights of Labor Convention recently held in New Orleans. The situation with regard to the miners has been unique among labor organizations for some time.

About half of the miners belong to a national trade assembly of the Knights of Labor, while the remainder are trades-unionists. The difference as to policy between the knights and unionists is radical, but it was thought desirable, for "trade purposes," that the two bodies of miners should unite in some manner. Accordingly, the United Mine-workers of America was formed, taking in the members of both the old organizations, which, nevertheless, retained their own autonomy. McBride, who was master workman of the miners' Knights of Labor assembly, was chosen head of the new combination. The refusal to admit the miners' delegates to the floor at New Orleans caused much indignation in the trade, and there is a possibility, now that McBride has been made president of the federation, that all the miners will become affiliated with it, and the charter of the miners' trade assembly will be given up.

Had Mr. Gompers been as good a president during his entire incumbency as during the past year, he would probably have been able to win re-election at Denver. He is a growing man, of considerable self-acquired culture, and a hard worker, and he has been able, during the career which he has hewn out for himself, to make some impression upon the great world.

Concerning Mr. McBride, it may be said that he is, perhaps, a more determined and dashing fighter than Gompers, but whether he has the sagacity and executive force of the latter is



JOHN MCBRIDE, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR.

hard to determine in advance of a trial in his new place as president of the federation. It is the custom of the press to speak of Mr. McBride as a conservative man. He is; and his career indicates the beautiful possibilities of conservatism, when accompanied by a generous allowance of tact, a ready tongue, and a great many comfortable qualities. By the careful exercise of these natural and acquired advantages Mr. McBride was able, after reaching the age of twenty-five, to cease mining coal and begin to direct the energies of his fellow-men. Since then he has prided himself on his success as a sort of buffer between capital and labor, generally opposing strikes, encouraging arbitration and compromises, and maintaining discipline and organization. By attending strictly to business Mr. McBride became so prominent as a labor leader that he was nominated for the Ohio Legislature. He served two terms, and unsuccessfully ran once more for the lower branch of the Legislature, the State Senate, the Secretaryship of State, and was eventually appointed Labor Commissioner by Governor Campbell. His last appearance in politics was as a candidate for United States Marshal. Until the national miners' strike Mr. McBride was better known at home as a politician than as a labor leader, and his disposition to unite the two callings has given rise to considerable friction in the machine which he has created.

## Our Foreign Pictures.

### THE EARTHQUAKES IN SICILY.

THE earthquake shocks which visited Sicily during the month of November created great consternation, especially at Messina, where they were particularly severe. The heaviest shocks were experienced on the night of November 16th, when hundreds of the poorer inhabitants, driven from their houses, fled to the streets and

public gardens, in the latter of which they erected tents for shelter. A correspondent, describing the scene, says: "Some of the larger tents contained a regular jumble of men, women, and children of all ages lying on the cold grass, or with only a sheet or carpet underneath them. Many families had their sacred pictures hanging at the entrances of their tents, and there were batches of men and women who chanted sacred orations, praying the Virgin to help them. These were assisted in their devotions by isolated groups, who joined in at certain moments with their ejaculations. There were also several processions with sacred pictures and candles. Most of the houses have cracked walls; all the churches are injured, and the town hall very seriously so." The authorities, as soon as possible, cleared away the debris and repaired the damage done at Messina and other places, using troops in the performance of the work.

### THE RED CROSS IN COREA.

The provisions made by the Japanese for the care of the wounded are in marked contrast with the utter absence of facilities for that purpose among the Chinese. The policy of the former has been from the first humane and con-

tain no beds, but the floor is, in each case, covered with matting, with sacks stuffed with straw for the wounded men to lie on.

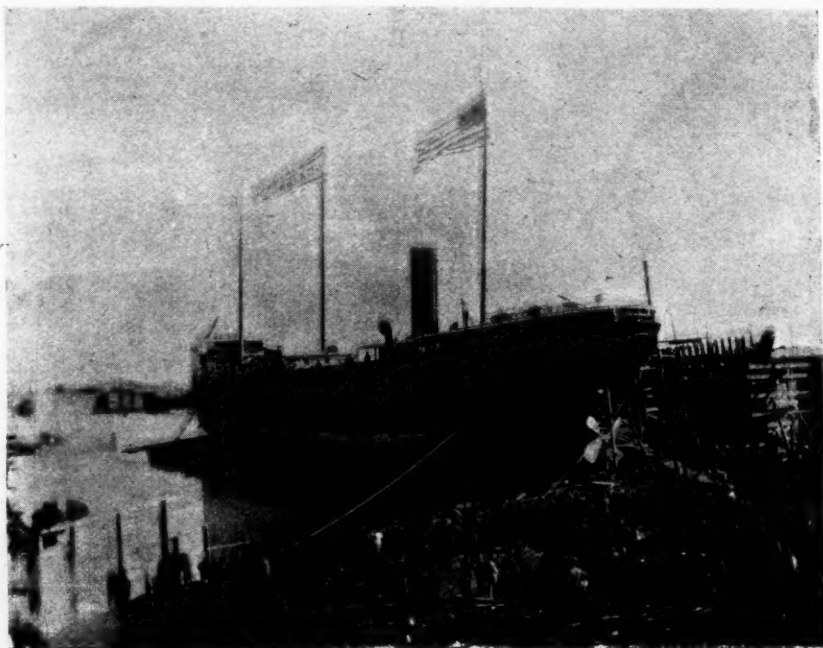
### ROYAL CYCLISTS.

Among our foreign pictures is one illustrating the Russian Czar and some of his royal cousins in their cycling costumes. The new Czar is an enthusiastic wheelman, and this, in fact, may be said of very many of the younger royalties of Europe, who possibly find in this diversion a greater delight than in the more stately functions which form a part of "the penalty of greatness."

## A Novel Method of Ship-Launching.

SHIP-BUILDING is becoming an important industry at West Bay City, Michigan. On this page we give illustrations of the launch of one of the largest steamships ever built at that point. This launch took place at the ship-yard of F. W. Wheeler & Co., and was probably the most successful launch, from an artistic point of view, ever witnessed in that part of the country. The vessel was slid off the ways sideways into a narrow slip not over one hundred feet wide, and not over twelve to sixteen feet deep. The natural result of so large a bulk dropping suddenly into so small a body of water was the displacement of a large portion of the water in the slip and its propulsion into the air in the form of spray, thus producing the fine effect seen in the "snap-shot" picture.

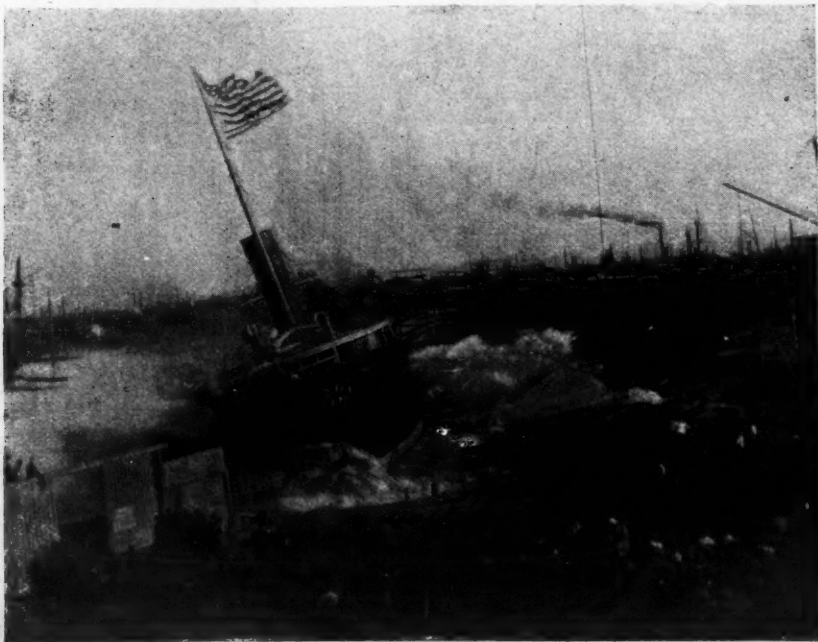
This side launch is a special feature of this particular yard, and is carried into execution with the nicest precision and skill. Everything being ready for the slide, the boat rests on a series of blocks the whole length of the keel,



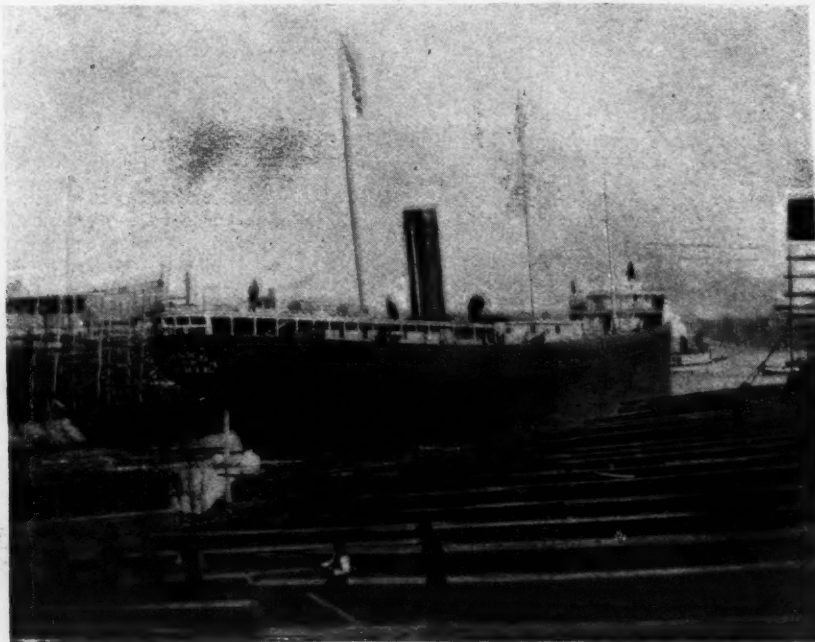
BEFORE THE LAUNCH.

siderate. Special prominence is given to the Red Cross Society, which is represented in all their armies. The hospital buildings of this society at Chemulpo, which we illustrate, are barracks of wood with thatched roofs; they

these blocks resting on greased ways which extend down to the water. The only obstacles that now prevent the boat going into the water are some large hawsers attached to the boat at each end by a trap arrangement. When the



THE SHIP GLIDING SIDEWAYS DOWN THE WAYS.



AFTER THE LAUNCH.

A NOVEL METHOD OF SHIP-LAUNCHING AS PRACTICED AT WEST BAY CITY, MICHIGAN.



word is given keen-edged axes fall simultaneously on the ropes, and the boat slides quietly into the water. Of course a great deal depends on the preparations being perfect in every detail and the ropes being cut exactly at the same instant, so that one end does not start ahead of the other.

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